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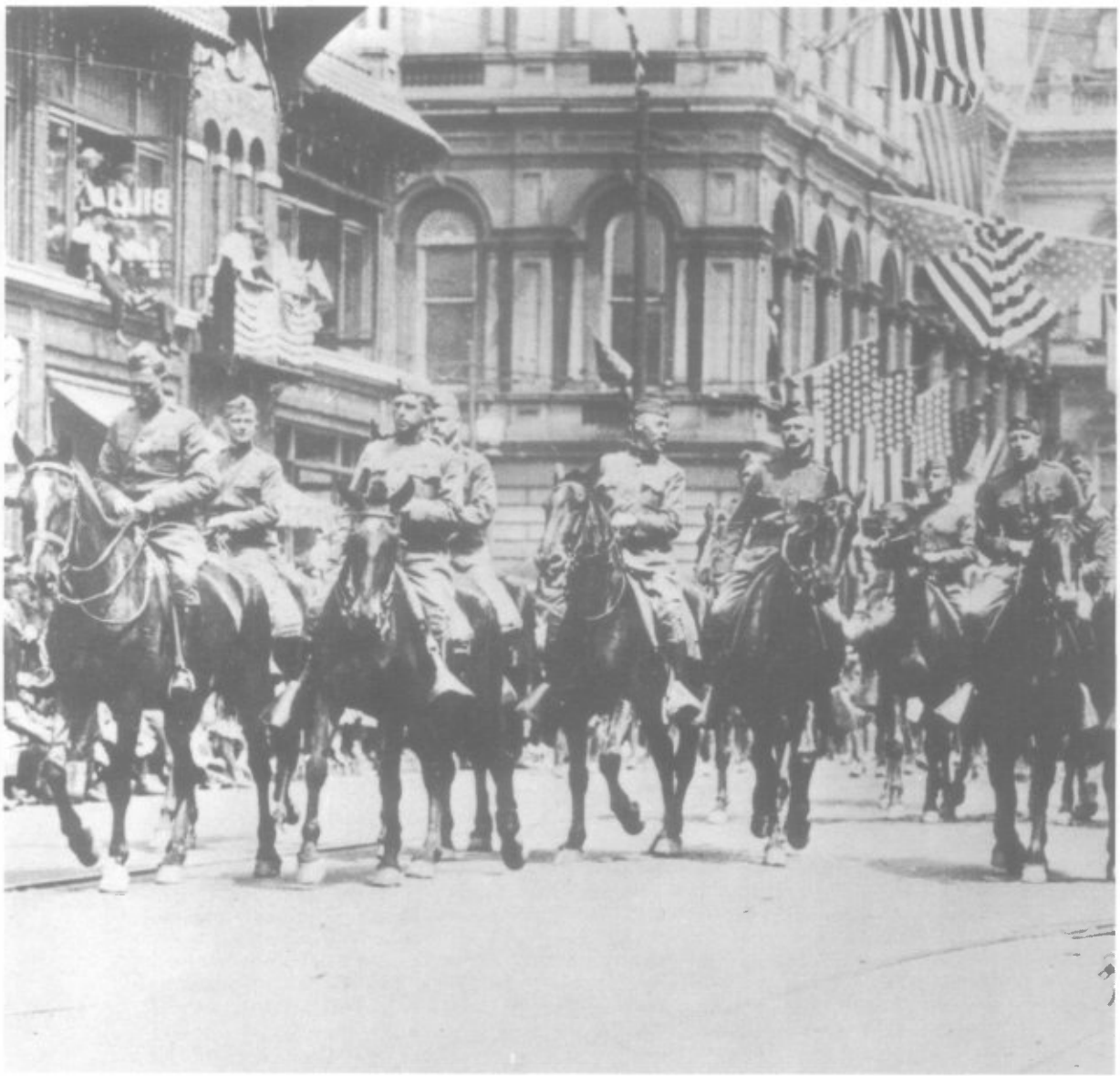
MARYLAND
Historical Magazine



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E-Commerce

"Right from the beginning slavery was a controversial issue." Not true—by the eighteenth century slavery was pretty much a global institution, accepted some places more reluctantly than others, but accepted.

In such ignorance begins the essay I have discovered on the Internet, an ignorance nevertheless recycled and sold to collegians in need of a term paper. Alas, someone, somewhere, has passed a course with it. "For purposes of this discussion, it is the intent of this author to assess the plight of African Americans at a time when they were merely slaves, captives taken forcibly by rich white American merchants to a new and strange land called America." Actually, the merchants—American, Barbadian, English, Dutch and Portuguese—sent the captains who did the trading along the African coast. The capturing is another story, in this case ignored. Slavery "was fraught with the constant reminder of man's inhumanity to man." Yes, it was.

Student resourcefulness and folly have not changed much. At the small, liberal arts college I attended too many years ago, fraternities kept files of past term papers and exam questions. Students blitzed lazy professors with answers from years before and ideas, if not direct quotes, from previous "A" papers. Only the mechanics of the transaction have changed.

Sadly, most students missed then and miss now the excitement of history, an excitement that unfortunately lies not in the rigorous analysis and searching for new theory that consumes their teachers—young faculty seeking professional advancement. As James M. McPherson has argued in the Princeton alumni magazine and more recently in the *New York Times Book Review,* the thrill resides in the stories that constitute the past—i.e., in a good narrative. Not surprisingly, many students, then and now, are left with the impression that history is dull.

Slavery a "controversial" issue? On a windy spring night in 1856, John Brown dragged five men from three different Kansas homes and families. He and his men led them down the road apiece and beheaded them with old artillery short swords, probably dull, provided by abolitionists, almost certainly in Boston. It wasn't easy, it wasn't quick; it was maniacal, cold-blooded murder. Harriet Tubman, leading a band of fugitive slaves on another dark, discouraging night, put a gun to the head of a weary escapee and threatened to blow it off if he did not resume his flight to freedom. "Controversial" does not begin to describe it.

Slavery was indeed "fraught with the constant reminder of man's inhumanity to man." In 1822, Denmark Vesey, a former slave who had bought his freedom with lottery winnings twenty years earlier, lived as a well-off carpenter in a

respectable Charleston neighborhood three blocks from the governor and two blocks from the intendant or mayor. Disgusted by South Carolina's "inhumanity" toward black slaves, he spent two decades plotting a revolution. On the night of July 14, 1822, when many whites would have sought escape from the heat elsewhere, *nine thousand* armed slaves led by Vesey's lieutenants and mystics like "Gullah Jack" Pritchard were to enter Charleston from the countryside while blacks from the Sea Islands brought deep-water boats into the harbor. They would set fires with fuses and stolen gunpowder, and as whites rushed out of their houses to answer the alarms, the slaves intended to butcher them all, every white man, woman, and child, and burn the city to the ground before taking ship for Haiti or the African coast and home. More than a month before the fateful night, whispers of the plot reached the ears of authorities, who arrested, interrogated, and probably tortured slaves into giving up the names of the ringleaders. Vesey and thirty-five others were speedily hanged. One of those arrested and tried, a trusted house servant, was asked by his disbelieving master whether he was guilty and what he had intended to do. The condemned man glared at his owner. "Kill you, rip open your belly, and throw your guts in your face," he said.

Imagine a country and a time when such things happened. You might purchase David Robertson's compelling new biography, *Denmark Vesey: The Buried History of America's Largest Slave Rebellion and the Man Who Led It* (Alfred A. Knopf, hardcover, $23.00), which describes the plot and asks important questions about its relevance to us now. In no time at all you can be on the white, sandy, terrifying streets of early nineteenth-century Charleston, a cosmopolitan city trapped in its own past and ready to explode.

On the other hand, if that doesn't interest you, for $24.75 you can download "An Analysis of Slavery in the U.S.," all five pages of it, from ezwrite.com.

R.I.C.

Cover

Homecoming of the 115th U.S. Infantry

In June 1919, cheering crowds filled Baltimore's streets to celebrate the return of Maryland's soldiers from World War I. The 115th Infantry was one of three regiments in the 29th—or Blue and Gray—Division created from the reorganized Maryland National Guard. After training at Camp McClellan, near Anniston, Alabama, they had sailed for France in June 1918 and had earned their place in history during the fierce Meuse-Argonne offensive in September.

P.D.A.

Men of the 29th Division in training camp at Camp McClellan, Alabama. Undated photograph. (Maryland Historical Society.)

Raymond S. Tompkins and the 115th Infantry in France, 1918

Introduction by JOHN G. VAN OSDELL

To those who endured it, the conflict of 1914–18 was simply the Great War. Though some thoughtful observers described it as the first world war, they never so named it. They emphasized the word "world," not "first," and were looking backward, measuring this war against those which had come before, not forward to other world wars yet to come.

To most of us today, however, it is the First World War or World War I. We see it dimly through the smoke and glare of World War II, a conflict with infinitely greater historical and popular appeal. No one ever referred to World War I as "the Good War," as Studs Terkel did to World War II. The Second World War is a great story: good versus evil. On one side were the undeniably bad guys—Fascist Italy, Imperial Japan, and, above all, Nazi Germany—on the other the western democracies and the brave people, if not the governments, of Russia and China. We had no doubts about why we were fighting or what our war aims were. We are still certain. Even strictly in terms of military history, World War II has far more sex appeal. It was a war of movement, of tank assaults, bomber raids, great naval battles fought between carrier forces, and island-hopping, amphibious invasions.

The First World War was very different, a war whose causes were horribly disproportionate to its effects. It was a war in which the aims of the belligerents were both unclear and changing, a war that continued because more sacrifices had to be made to validate the costs already incurred, though no reasonable goal—Alsace-Lorraine, control of the Bosphorus, elimination of South Slav nationalism, or even German domination of Europe—was worth the price the peoples of Europe would have to pay for it. Perhaps only President Wilson's "war to end all wars" ideal could justify it. Militarily World War I was a war of stasis, of millions of young men crammed into the muddy trenches of Flanders and Northern France, and in the somewhat less elaborate earthworks of Galicia and East Prussia, of Gallipoli and the Isonzo on the Italian-Austrian border. I know of no groups who perform reënactments of Verdun or Passchendaele, Suvla Bay, or the siege of Przemysl. Bodies piled up in windrows while seemingly incompetent and callous generals sought the elusive "breakthrough" that would snap the bonds of mud and barbed wire, restore a war of movement, resurrect the Franco-Prussian War if not Napoleon's campaigns, and justify their

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"The 115th Infantry at Drill, Camp McClellan, Alabama, 1918." (Maryland Historical Society.)

grand strategies. This war produced 37,000,000 casualties, almost all young men of military age, equivalent to the whole population of England.

Perhaps because World War I is so repellent, it requires more study than it usually receives. Perhaps it has deeper and more enduring lessons for us than its more glamorous successor. The Second World War shows us great leaders, good and evil, fully in charge—Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, and, of course, the Satanic Hitler—men of epic proportions, succeeding or failing on a spectacular scale. It presents us with military men of uncommon genius and imagination, Rommel, Montgomery, Zhukov, Yamamoto, Patton.

Among the lessons of World War I, however, is that great events do not necessarily bring forth great men. Nicholas II was an uxorious nonentity who would probably have fulfilled himself best as assistant manager of a hardware store. Lloyd George, the Welsh magician, had great gifts and no ideals at all. Clemenceau, when he finally emerged to lead the French, was a vicious and cynical old man whose dominant characteristics were hatred and vindictiveness. Woodrow Wilson, for all his failings, was the closest thing to greatness the age could offer. The Kaiser, a seriously unbalanced, weak-willed, and rather scatterbrained fellow, does not really make the running as a villain in spite of allied propaganda, and he, in any case, gradually lost control of events as the war progressed. Who today would hero-worship (or even recognize the names of) Haig or Ludendorff or Conrad or Joffre or any other of the military leaders of the age? If we remember anyone at all with interest and admiration, it is probably Lawrence of Arabia.

Yet, perhaps the first world war tells us more about the human condition

than World War II, more perhaps than we really want to know. Great and seminal events, turning points in history, can and do arise inadvertently, expected by no one and apparently beyond anyone's control. Of course the murder of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, in Sarajevo in the summer of 1914 did not "cause" World War I all by itself, but it did spark an explosion that probably was not inevitable. The alliance systems, created as deterrents, acted to bring the powers of Europe into a war that almost everyone wanted to avoid but no one seemed to know how, then or later. When war tragically began, the combatants intended it to be short. No power was organized or equipped for a long struggle because no one foresaw the trenches. They came of themselves. No one expected a conflagration that would involve whole societies, a war in which the civilian populations, whole economies, would be organized for war. In his remarkable book, *The Great War and Modern Memory,* Paul Fussell points out that even language, the traditional conventions and forms of literature, failed, unable to describe the indescribable. Societies broke under the strain. The Russian, Turkish, Austro-Hungarian, and German Empires were among the casualties. As for the purported victors, France was left a hollow shell ready to collapse in 1940, and Britain's economy was mortally wounded, never to recover even to this day. The United States, the big winner, walked away from the table. That the First World War made the Second inevitable is a historical chestnut, but nonetheless almost certainly true, as many of the things that "everyone knows" about history are not.

The United States became involved in the Great War reluctantly and, in the final analysis, not by choice but because we had bargained away our ability to choose. In spite of all the ink spilled over "Merchants of Death," American loans to the Allies, British propaganda, and the like, it was unrestricted German submarine warfare that led to American intervention. Wilson's diplomatic exchanges with Germany over the sinking of ships carrying American citizens put us in the position of having offered an ultimatum to Germany. If Germany resumed unrestricted U-boat warfare it would mean war. The Germans did not think we were bluffing. In the winter of 1916–17, the German high command gambled that unrestricted submarine warfare could starve the British out of the war before the economically potent but militarily insignificant United States could raise, train, and transport an army. If the Americans sailed, the German admirals laughed, the U-boats would sink them. The German generals, who by then were in full charge, took a high stakes gamble, a throw made against the advice of German political leaders and pretty much imposed on the neurasthenic and hopelessly indecisive Kaiser. It was not Germany's first gamble, nor would it be the last. The Schlieffen Plan, the attempt in 1914 to knock France out of the war by invading through neutral Belgium had not worked. The intensified U-boat campaign did not bring Britain to its knees as promised or stop the Americans,

and Operation Michael, General Ludendorff's effort in the spring of 1918 to break through the French and British lines before the American army in its millions could reach Europe, failed as well.

By the time the Blue and Gray Division got to the front, Germany was beaten and knew it. When the 115th Regiment entered the Argonne Forest, the Germans were already asking Wilson for a cease-fire, as the front pages of the *Baltimore Sun* blared.

The piece that follows, an excerpt from *Maryland Fighters in the Great War,* by *Baltimore Sun* staff correspondent Raymond S. Tompkins (Baltimore: Thomas & Evans Printing Co., 1919), is perhaps more interesting for what it leaves out than for what it includes. Although the facts are there—places, times, names (albeit an enlisted man apparently had to be killed or decorated to gain individual mention)—the context in which it is presented is already anachronistic by 1919, when the boys came home and the book appeared.

Reading Tompkins's pages one is struck by the familiarity of the story. The genre into which this book falls is a familiar staple of Anglo-American juvenile fiction. A group of young men (the genre does not seem to apply to stories about young women, or not at least in the same way) come together to perform some joint task. In fiction or in Hollywood, the characters are much more individuated than in Tompkins's work, though they are usually stock types: the braggart, the snob, the loyal lummox, the mama's boy, the quiet idealist who becomes the real leader, etc. But the story is how they bond and grow into a whole greater than the sum of its parts under the tutelage of wise and experienced older men, representatives of authority, regular army officers in this case, but they might be coaches, teachers, old cowhands, elders of the tribe. Welded together, recognizing and respecting the values of authority, they win the war, defeat the arch-rival on the football field, bring the herd to the railhead, kill the buffalo, capture Jerusalem, or find the Holy Grail. It is an immensely conservative genre. It teaches us that institutions are greater and wiser than individuals, that the army, the school, the team, the tribe, the church know what they are doing, that we as individuals can trust them unreservedly, and that we can find our greatest fulfillment as a part of one of these institutions. This is a profoundly unhistorical viewpoint and one that denies every lesson the Great War had to teach. In World War I the ancestral institutions, the governments, the monarchs, the military, the class structures, clearly failed. They did not know what they were doing. They had stumbled into an almost unimaginably bloody and pointless conflict which they could neither control nor end and had thrown away the lives of millions of young men to no apparent purpose.

By the time the 115th Regiment marched through Baltimore to the cheers of the folks at home, many people still believed that the world had been made safe for democracy or that all wars would end. With each passing year, fewer

Trenches in which the 115th regiment trained at Camp McClellan, Alabama. Undated photograph. (Maryland Historical Society.)

would believe it. America and the world were set willy-nilly on a new course. The nineteenth century was well and truly over. The "normalcy" of the 1920s was not what the world of 1910 would have regarded as normal, no matter what politicians said, not in Europe certainly, and not in America. Among the casualties of the Great War was the unquestioning belief in authority, in its wisdom and justice, in its simple competence. A certain idea of progress died in the war as well, except perhaps among Marxists. Under the impact of Freud and the rediscovered Mendel, who could any longer believe that the human species was becoming morally better as well as richer, better fed, and perhaps healthier? Science, which through most of the nineteenth century had been seen as a progressive force for good, especially in America, now stood revealed as the producer of mustard gas, machine-guns, and explosions. The deductive method of Sherlock Holmes and the beneficent technology of Jules Verne and Tom Swift and Tom Edison gave way in the popular imagination to the cinematic version of *Frankenstein* and *The War of the Worlds,* the evil science genre that did not begin at Hiroshima and has far from run its course today.

None of this shows in Raymond Tompkins's history. All the dates and places are there, but little of the blood or horror. It is almost a generic war. Change the names and dates and it could be the Spanish-American War, the Crimean War, the Peloponnesian War. Tompkins's dispatches to the *Sun* from France show the same attitude: everyone is brave, patriotic, ready to do his duty. The *Sun* articles appeared irregularly and tend to be human interest vignettes, focusing on a

particular soldier or airman, often a gloriously wounded one. There was no coherent story, as with the history. This was unavoidable because military censors often held up Tompkins's reports from the front for a week or more. Obviously any breaking news stories would have long since gone stale before his dispatches could have reached Baltimore. Yet the correspondent's colorful and exuberant stories present the same viewpoint as the more sober history. In an article about a wounded aviator whom he describes as a "Baltimore Oriole," Tompkins maintains that "flying a battle plane is a game—as much a game as was a jousting tournament between visored, lance-armed knights in the days of King Arthur" (*Baltimore Sun,* July 7, 1918).

This is a far cry from Ernie Pyle's accounts of World War II, much less the televised war in Vietnam spilling its gore onto people's dining tables. The "real war" was kept a long way from the mothers, wives, and sweethearts of America, partly by the government's censors, but in large part by the press and its daring young reporters like Tompkins (he was still in his twenties at the time), and perhaps by a set of conventional attitudes that, in the short term at least, seemed stronger than reality. It was a grotesquely bloody, reeking conflict in which death or maiming was dealt anonymously in most cases, and from far away, by machine-guns and heavy artillery, not by plumed knights, sword to sword. Yet Tompkins and many others, in all the warring nations, described it in ways that not only touched up the truth but clearly perverted it. Why did they do it? Did they even realize they were doing it? One suspects not. It can be a terribly difficult thing to see what is actually before your eyes rather than what you have been taught to see, conditioned to expect to see. It has been remarked that the great novels about the First World War were all written about the Second. Illusions are tougher things than we sometimes think and do not so much shatter as erode away. In America, which felt the Great War's withering touch last and most briefly, the cancer only began to spread in 1918 or 1919.

Perhaps the cover picture of this issue best sums up the view implicit in Tompkins's words. The officers in the foreground are on horseback, calling up images of cavalrymen, even those never to be forgotten knights. The enlisted men of this infantry regiment are all but hidden behind the glorious steeds. But cavalry charges had no place on the Western Front. Machine-guns cut down horses even more effectively than they did men. Horses were enormously important in moving supplies and pulling artillery pieces, and both Austria-Hungary and Russia devoted more precious railroad cars to moving supplies for horses than for men. But the long heyday of the mounted warrior, stretching back at least to the latter days of the Roman Empire, was past. Both Tompkins's book and the parade celebrate a dead concept of martial glory. The riders in the photograph seem to know it. Perhaps Tompkins knew it too, but undoubtedly he also realized that the people of Maryland were not yet ready to face it.

Book Excerpt

Maryland Fighters in the Great War

RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

France, Billets and the Front

On the 6th of May, 1918, I left Baltimore, and on the 8th I sailed from New York on the French Line steamer Espagne, which landed me at Bordeaux on the 18th. A feeling of the necessity for secrecy about ocean travel was strong upon everybody in those days, what with spy scares and submarine talk. It was strong upon me; I sneaked around New York for two days, battling with indifferent French and British consuls in an effort to have completed immediately the passport vises that they insisted required a week and, being finally successful, pussy-footed down to the boat feeling all the time as though I should have on a set of false whiskers and a pair of green goggles. But no submarines bothered the Espagne.

And when I got to Paris and located press headquarters I sidled in and whispered an inquiry regarding the whereabouts of the Twenty-ninth, receiving the cold reply delivered in a voice that any spy within a radius of half a block might have heard that press headquarters had not the slightest idea. Whereupon they proceeded to cut out of some stories I had written the names of Major (now Colonel) George Walker and Capt. Andrew Lowndes, both of whom were down in Bordeaux—a circumstance that Von Hindenburg was apparently very anxious to know.

Thus I bumped into the censorship. And if this was the censorship what, I wondered, would happen to the stuff I might write about the Twenty-ninth Division, which would be even more interesting to Von Hindenburg, who, of course, got THE SUN every day in the mail? It was a discouraging outlook.

But press headquarters in Paris finally "came through" rather handsomely. Returning there on June 30 after a visit to the Chateau Thierry front, the Toul sector, the Johns Hopkins Base Hospital and the Baccarat sector, where I had found the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery, I was informed that the Twenty-ninth Division was in France and might be found in the Tenth training area, with headquarters at Prauthoy. I was given a pass to go there, an order to report to the commanding general of the division, a letter to him and a complete set of the newest censorship regulations which appeared to give a correspondent the authority to write the date, the fact that this was the country known as France, to send his best regards and to sign his name.

"The trip up to [Bayville]." Undated photograph. (Maryland Historical Society.)

I did not learn until a few days later that for several weeks Lieut. Samuel Merritt and Lieut. (later Capt.) Harry Butler had been in France along with other officers of the Twenty-ninth, arranging billets for the whole division.

The Twenty-ninth had completed its debarkation at the port of Brest on June 27, and when the first arrivals reached the Tenth Training Area on July 2, I was waiting for them on the station platform at Prauthoy.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth went to Champlitte, about 20 kilometers from Prauthoy. The other units of the Blue and Gray were scattered throughout the area in a score or more of small villages. Colonel Reckord's headquarters and the headquarters of General Bandholtz, the Fifty-eighth Brigade commander, were in Champlitte, and parts of the Third Batalion commanded by Major (later Colonel) Charles B. Finley were in two small villages about eight kilometres from Champlitte. But most of the One Hundred and Fifteenth was in Champlitte.

It was the biggest village in the area with a population of about five or six thousand, and the arrival of the Maryland men increased it about 50 per cent. There never had been any more than enough houses in the place, to accommodate the natives, and this sudden influx of nearly 3,000 men all requiring places to sleep and eat and move around, disarranged things considerably for the

Champlitte folks. But they had already housed one division, and while they were not exactly used to it by this time, they were ready to do whatever they could. They made the One Hundred and Fifteenth very welcome.

The whole regiment was settled in France by July 3. It had been traveling for three days across the country from Brest in box-cars, but at that stage of its experience there was nothing terrible about a box-car trip with 40 men in a car sleeping and eating on heaps of straw. It couldn't make them forget that they were at last in France, with the doubts and fears about the chances of the Twenty-ninth all behind them, and with the division's and their own opportunities all before them. But for that lapse from grace back in the winter of 1917, while General Morton was in France, they would have been up there now in a quiet sector, and the history of America's rush to the rescue in June and July would have been in part the history of the Blue and Gray. But it had its chance now.

With real American adaptability they settled into the life of the village of Champlitte quickly enough to arrange a celebration of the Fourth of July. Immediately after dinner bugles sounded in the streets and columns began pouring down all the side alleys and cow-paths. Little Mayor Briard, wearing a farmer's straw hat, with his broadcloth frock coat, took up his stand on the curb of the Boulevard de la Republique outside Madame Boussenard's house, where General Bandholtz was living, and, with the City Council around him, reviewed the regiment.

That was the One Hundred and Fifteenth's first exhibition of itself to the people of France; it was France's first sight of a regiment of Maryland troops on parade.

When it was over the Mayor and the City Council were all escorted down to a second-floor room that had already been fitted up as an officers' club. There the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment opened its first champagne and drank the health of France represented by the Government of the village, and France drank health and success to the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment.

I wrote as much of the story as I thought would pass the censor, mentioning the waving of wine-glasses, which sprinkled the heads of the Councilmen. The censor let it all pass except the part about the sprinkling. "It may make the reader think everybody was drunk," he said sagely.

The censor was afraid, too, of mention of the fact that the high plateau to the south of the village on which the regiment drilled every day had been an old battle-field in the days when Caesar and the Gauls warred together; and from a description of the old castle, then being used as the town's Hotel de Ville or City Hall, he cut out the name of the castle's ancient owner and occupant, the Count de Toulongeon. All of which matters were, of course, unimportant, but tended to show how the men of the old Maryland National Guard had been at once backed up against the historical settings of the France they had come over the ocean to save. They had become a part of traditions almost as old as the world.

But when were they going "up there"?

That was the question now. They had been as full of queries as a bunch of children at a zoo when they arrived in the training area. In which direction was the front, they wanted to know. Could you ever hear the guns back here? How many miles away was it? Their questions of each other, of visitors, of themselves, were all about the front—"up there" they called it. And when they had found out everything that newspapers three days old couldn't tell them, they wanted to know when they were going there, and nothing else.

There was terrific fighting on the Marne at that time. The Germans' great offensive of March 21, 1918, had been stopped; but at Chateau Thierry a salient was deepening slowly, pointing at Paris. Would the Blue and Gray be thrown in there to stem the tide? It seemed logical, and, the wish being father to the thoughts around every mess table in the Tenth Training Area, it seemed likely. The Blue and Gray had developed great faith in itself by this time. "Put us in there and we'll kick 'em for a goal!" That was the spirit they had.

A week passed—two weeks. Nothing happened but drills, drills, drills—daylong maneuvers, patrolling, searching out ghost enemies in the hills where the French armies of the days of peace had maneuvered every summer. How long had the division that preceded them in the training area stayed there? A month they learned. So they sorrowfully resigned themselves to staying there around Champlitte and Prauthoy for at least a month, and kept plugging.

They resigned themselves too soon. Almost two weeks to the day, they were on the move to the front.

The orders came very secretly. Nobody except the commanding general of the division, a few staff officers and the brigade commanders knew where the Blue and Gray was going.

They pulled out on the night of July 17, three days after a celebration of the French Independence Day—Bastille Day—in which they had marched as they had marched on our own Independence Day 10 days before. They went away in the darkness toward the trains of box cars that were waiting nearly 20 kilometers away.

No man of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment who made that hike will ever forget it. They had thought they were hardened old hikers after the all-night march from Piedmont to Anniston, Ala., back in the palmy old days of the early spring of 1918. That had been a 25-mile affair under full packs, starting about 9 o'clock at night and ending about 6 o'clock next morning. Men had dropped by the wayside, some had marched the last few miles in their sleep, but fewer had failed in the One Hundred and Fifteenth than in any other regiment. So they thought they knew all about hiking. And they actually did know everything about every sort of hiking but the sort combat regiments have to do when they move up to the front.

American troops training in the field, possibly in France. Undated photograph. (Maryland Historical Society.)

The last few days before the orders came had been spent in receiving new equipment. It had come in by carloads and included all the things the allied armies had been using in the war for the previous four years. There were automatic rifles, gas masks, steel helmets, extra pairs of hob-nailed shoes, extra uniforms, extra blankets, machine-guns—everything they would need for an immediate fight that might last several weeks.

All these things were on each man's back when he started out on that night of July 17, and in addition there was strapped around his waist a full belt of ammunition, and in his pack, besides all the things he had carried there on the night hike in Alabama, were reserve rations for two days.

A kilometer is but little more than half a mile, and there were only about 20 kilometers to march on this night, while the Alabama hike had been nearly 25 miles long. But each man now weighed about twice as much as he had that previous spring, and his legs were not much stronger. And some of the smaller men, weighing about 125 pounds or so, carried packs heavier than themselves by 20 pounds or more.

They were blind with fatigue when they got to the trains. Many had fallen out along the road, dropping into deep slumber in the mud, half buried be-

neath their piles of back-baggage. The regimental column trailed out, for miles. Officers, half dead themselves and desperate with determination to get as many of their men into the trains, as possible, went as far to the rear as they could, and, with drawn pistols, tried to beat the stragglers into the line. But to some of them, a drawn pistol meant nothing. Their legs were of lead and the loads on their backs had assumed the tonnage of mountains.

There is no blot on the record of the One Hundred and Fifteenth in the story of this march. No regiment ever marched under worse conditions with so little experience, except the regiments of the Rainbow Division on the "Valley Forge" hike to its training area in February, 1918, when men hiked barefooted through the snow and left their bloody footprints in its whiteness. But that does not belong in this story. This was the One Hundred and Fifteenth's first taste of the war. They were out of war's classroom now—setting forth into the world on the road to the fight.

It was long past midnight when the long trains pulled out. All through France, in the daytime, trains had rolled along with exultant American yells bursting from every door and window—Americans on their way to the front, and trains like that would roll along again through many days.

But these trains carrying Maryland's Own Regiment were deadly quiet—no sound but the clack of wheels on rails. The One Hundred and Fifteenth went toward the front sound asleep.

The 115th Goes In

The "Lion of Belfort" carved high in the rock of Belfort's natural fortress looked down with solemn dignity at dawn on July 18 upon our hordes of still sleepy soldiers piling out of long trains. There was a sort of query in his attitude, too, it seemed—a haughty query, as though he would say, "You Americans, with straw sticking out of your hair and clinging to your uniforms, lining up there rubbing your eyes! In 1870 the Germans beat upon me in vain—I balked them all. Can you?"

It was not on the Marne toward which the Blue and Gray Division had looked so longingly that it found itself at the end of the long journey; it was far from the Marne, at almost the eastern extremity of the battle line, in Alsace.

But it could feel the hot breath of war. Marching through Belfort toward the neighborhood of Valdoie, a suburb of the city, the men of the One Hundred and Fifteenth passed buildings scarred with air-bomb splinters, cracked windows bandaged with strips of paper, holes in the streets where, for a few minutes, death had danced.

Regimental headquarters was established in Valdoie. That very evening a great flock of black specks appeared high in the eastern sky, growing larger and

larger, moving nearer in the shape of a big arrow-head, and as man after man saw the spectacle and stood gazing upward a low humming came to them.

Boche planes or Allied? They couldn't tell which and scarcely cared. It was a warlike sight and it brought contentment, because the Marylanders had yearned long and deeply for warlike sights.

But this was not the front. Where was it? The generals knew and Colonel Reckord knew. Every day he worked over big maps, and several times he went out with his battalion commanders, Barret, Hancock and Finley, for reconnaissance or study of the positions the regiment was to occupy when it went into the line. For it was going in at the earliest possible date. It was to relieve the French.

The country Colonel Reckord and his officers were studying was a beautiful, fertile land, well cultivated in the regions behind the lines, bearing wheat and vegetables, and in the little battle-scarred villages ancient apple trees heavy with fruit shaded the roads and windows of the houses. They were not badly scarred—these villages; the war had not dealt as harshly with them as with the villages farther to the north and west. In fact, the war had settled down here, after the first shock in 1914, to the keeping of a mutual vigil on both sides—the Germans to see that the French moved no farther into Alsace, the French to see that the Germans took no more of it away from them. And at this point neither French or Germans seemed disposed to quarrel about it further.

So the first experience of the One Hundred and Fifteenth in the fighting line was to be in a "quiet sector."

But it was to go in as a "sacrifice regiment." In case of attack it was not to retreat under any circumstances. Behind it in reserve would be the One Hundred and Sixteenth Regiment, and whatever fighting it might become necessary to do back there, those Virginians would do, when the Marylanders had fought to the last man. It was not to be within the province of the Marylanders to fall back to the line the Virginians held, for that was the second line. Theirs was the first and their orders were to hold it at all costs.

On the night of July 27–28 the first units of the One Hundred and Fifteenth entered the trenches. It was a dismal night, pitch black and raining hard. The Third Battalion was picked to be the first.

Major Finley was away at a school in Southern France, and Capt. James G. Knight, later a major, took command of the Maryland infantrymen who were to lead off in the old National Guard's campaign in France. Two companies were to enter the front-line trenches. They were K Company, commanded by Capt. Brooke Lee, and M Company, under First Lieutenant John D. Wade, who was made a captain just before he was killed in the Argonne-Meuse operation in October, 1918. The other two companies in the battalion—I Company, under Capt. Amos W. W. Woodcock, and L Company, under Capt. Harry Wagner, were

to be in support, ready to rush forward in case of a concerted German attack.

For staff purposes governing operations, the Blue and Gray Division was attached to the One Hundred and Fifty-first French Division, and the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment was attached to the Three Hundred and Nineteenth French Regiment.

It was the defense of the center sector—Haute Alsace—that the Marylanders were undertaking. The center of resistance was in the ruined village of Gildwiller and the line, roughly speaking, ran north and south.

No more trying conditions could have been imagined than those under which the Marylanders went in. Their officers had seen the ground by daylight, but the ground over which they went that night looked nothing like the ground they had studied. In fact, it looked like nothing at all. It couldn't be seen. They had to lead their men by feeling their way, not by seeing it. There had been a little mud down in the training area around Champlitte, but that was firm ground compared to the mud they had to wade through on this first night, though they were to wade through much worse than this before the war ended.

Dismal, depressing, sinister—those words describe it faintly. They wanted so much to do well on this first job. They were not quite sure what a slip-up would mean; disaster more likely than not, they felt. And in this pitchy blackness they could not be certain of themselves, or know whether the very next move might not prove to be the fatal slip.

And they made the most successful relief any American troops had ever made in that sector.

The French, those finicky veterans, intolerant of the slightest shying off from approved methods, said so. French officers were waiting for the company commanders in tiny dugouts deep in the hillsides, where candles guttered in the rushes of wind and rain as the doors creaked open to admit dripping young runners with messages from the new outposts. They sat up until 3 o'clock in the morning of July 28, marveling at the coolness with which the Maryland officers issued their first fighting orders and the neatness and precision with which the Maryland soldiers executed them.

There were no slip-ups, no disasters. If the Germans knew a relief was taking place, they showed no signs of it; and to so plan and execute a relief that the Germans knew nothing of it and failed to try to demoralize it with artillery, was the highest possible success in relief-making.

At last "Maryland's Own" was in the front-line trenches, and though with the passing of the long, weary months and the wear and wrack of the terrible fighting north of Verdun, they came later to yearn for comfort, no well-warmed lounge-lizards were as happy that night as the men of the One Hundred and Fifteenth standing ankle deep in the mud peering through the rain into No Man's Land.

The next night the Second Battalion, commanded by Major Frank A. Hancock, went in. Like Major Finley, Major Hancock was away from the regiment, and Capt. Walter Black led the companies into the trenches. Their center of resistance was in the village of Balschwiller, a ruin like Gildwiller. Capt. Harry C. Ruhl, with Company E, had the right of this sector, and Lieut. Philip McIntyre, with Company F, had the left, Capt. Ralph Hutchins, the company commander, also being away at school.

The First Battalion, under Major Henry F. Barrett, was in support. With the completion of this operation the entire One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment was on the front line in France, a "sacrifice regiment" with either death or glory before it.

And the great chance came very soon.

The 115th's First Fight

They went to work at once doing prosaic enough tasks. The trenches were old, and recent bombardments had added to the ruin wrought by age and neglect. The Marylanders first set their new house in order, repairing broken duckboards, some of which had sunk deep into the mud, building up broken trench walls and revetments, improving the automatic rifle emplacements and the measures for defense against gas attacks.

And some there were among them whose only duty was to stand watch in tiny "Petit Posts" at the end of long saps running out from the trench line into No Man's Land. Only that—to stand and watch. And as though to compensate them for having so unimportant, so monotonous a task, nice heaps of fresh hand-grenades were piled in little boxes built into the trench walls, and their belts were full to bursting with ammunition.

It was at "PP 6" that Sergeant John H. E. Hoppe and Private Andy Youngbar, of Company K, were standing watch on the night of July 30. The night was passing quietly. Four o'clock of the morning of July 31 came, and 4.30, and the eastern sky was paling. Very soon now Sergeant Hoppe and Private Youngbar would be relieved and they could get back to a dugout and sleep all morning.

Just then a piece of wild hell broke loose from below somewhere, and came skipping over and landed with a running jump inside of "PP 6."

I told the story of Sergeant Hoppe and Private Youngbar several times in dispatches to The Sun. But because some Marylander may not have heard it, or read it, and because it is intended here to record with some degree of completeness everything the gallant One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment did in the war, I shall tell it briefly again. For it was also the regiment's first fight.

The exact time of this first fight was 4.45 A.M., July 31. The attacking force was a raiding party of about 20 Germans. They were after prisoners, having

suspected, from the increased fire at night, that new troops were opposite them.

Five other men were in the "Petit Post" with Hoppe and Youngbar when the barrage fell, and another was coming along through the connecting trench with some hot breakfast for them. The barrage dropped behind the post and as it descended the German raiders, waiting just in front of the tall grass, hurled showers of hand-grenades upon the seven Marylanders.

Two of the men in the post were killed and five were wounded, and the man who was coming up with breakfast also was killed. Hoppe and Youngbar were among those wounded. One of Hoppe's thumbs was blown off at once, and Youngbar's back was filled with grenade splinters. Later, at the hospital, they counted 32 wounds on him.

But Hoppe, instead of falling back through the connecting trench to the main line of resistance, jumped over the top of the trench into No Man's Land where the German raiders were. He called to Youngbar to follow and they were both up over the edge and running toward the Germans as the Germans were getting to their feet to come in and round up prisoners. The 20 Germans and the two Marylanders met head-on.

Undoubtedly it was the total unexpectedness of this development that put the Germans to rout for they could easily have captured Hoppe and Youngbar. But they were not prepared to see their intended victims getting out of a protecting trench and coming after them, and when some of their men fell dead and wounded from the few shots our men had in their guns the rest turned and fled.

They were just in time, for Capt. Brooke Lee was arriving rifle in hand, at the head of a support platoon, bent upon repelling any attack, no matter how big.

The three men who were killed in this battle were the first of the One Hundred and Fifteenth to die in action. They are buried now in the Haute Alsace sector close to the old front line. Chaplain Frederick Reynolds, the regimental padre, held the regiment's first funeral service at their graves. Here are their names:

Private Alexander Stanorski, 323 Cherry street, Curtis Bay.

Private James L. Lundy, 1225 Harford ave., Baltimore.

Private Paul Hull, Silver Springs.

Lundy was the man who carried the breakfast through the German barrage. A shell landed squarely in the trench and killed him outright. The other men wounded in that action—the first in the regiment's career—were Sergt. Samuel Cadell and Privates Fred Horn and Nathan Mills.

In this fight the One Hundred and Fifteenth found itself. It knew then that it was more than a match for the Germans. It exuded confidence from every pore.

Until August 8 the French were nominally in command of the sector and French soldiers held the trenches side by side with the men from Maryland, but on the night of August 8–9 the sector was turned over entirely to the One Hundred and Fifteenth and the French came out. The full strength of the Second and Third Battalions went into the line with the First in support. Major Henry F. Barrett, commander of the First, was acting commander of the regiment and the only field officer left, Colonel Reckord being ill and in a hospital and the others being still away at school. He returned on August 12 and resumed command.

"Maryland's Own" by this time has learned well the Intelligence Section motto, "Unless you make No Man's Land a part of the United States, you have failed in your duty," and they were applying it every night. Ceaselessly their patrols crawled about No Man's Land, listening, watching, testing the German wire and the alertness of the enemy.

On the night of August 13–14 the Third Battalion was to be relieved by the First, and Lieut. Herbert Payne, as leader of the Second Battalion's scout platoon, was ordered to take a patrol out to learn whether the boche suspected a relief. He discovered a party of boche trying to find out all about it, drove them back and, escaped with his platoon intact through the barrage the enemy threw over in his rage at being thwarted. There were no casualties, and the relief was a success.

Two men were wounded in another patrol fight the very next night, and on the night of August 18–19 the One Hundred and Fifteenth was all ready for its first raid on the enemy lines.

Lieut. Chandler Sprague was selected to lead it. With his party of picked men he had been rehearsing it secretly in the quiet country behind the reserve line for several days. Reconnaisance patrols had been across the route selected over No Man's Land and had reported the condition of the ground and the enemy wire. Everything was ready. Lieut. Frank Hewitt had secured a quantity of black grease paint, and a little after sunset on the 18th the men began to blacken their faces for the "party." Their spirits ran high that evening. They were going over to get boche prisoners, and they conjured up pleasant pictures as they sat around in Captain Lee's dugout like a troupe of blackface minstrel men waiting for the curtain to rise.

General Bandholtz, the brigade commander, had come out to the Regimental P. C. at Brechaumont for a final conference with Colonel Reckord. Colonel Reckord himself had then gone out to K Company's P. C., to superintend the departure of the raiding party. General Morton, the division commander, would arrive at Brechaumont some time after midnight and wait there for word of the success of the venture. The division intelligence officer would be there with two interpreters to fire questions at the prisoners the moment they were brought back.

"113th Infantry, 29th Division, at the entrance to trenches, Carspach Woods, Alsace, August 19, 1918." (Maryland Historical Society.)

It was the Blue and Gray Division's first initiative in the war and headquarters was burning with eagerness to make it a success. Because the One Hundred and Fifteenth had been selected to execute the mission, every Marylander was feverishly anxious to do it right. The coolest soldiers on the Alsace front that night were Lieutenant Sprague and his "black-faced wrecking crew," as he called them, and Colonel Reckord, always the personification of coolness and clear-headedness.

At 9 o'clock in the dark forest on the hilltop the raiders gathered around their colonel for the final words of caution and instruction. The countersign for the night was "France." The men repeated the word after him in a breathless whisper—"France!"

Now, were the wire-cutters here? Did they know what to do? All right. Did Sprague have his rockets ready for the barrage signal? That was one of the most important things of all. Everybody would be watching the sky for that pink rocket, and they must send it up at the proper time and get into the German trench, grab their men and be away in time to get the benefit of their own artillery and escape the boche artillery. All right! Let's go!

The colonel started to lead the way down the hill toward the jumping-off point, then turned suddenly and inquired:

"How about the grenades? Have the men all got them?"

There was silence for a moment. Then somebody spoke up.

"I haven't seen anything of them!" Then another moment of silence.

And the next moment it developed that this raiding party had been about to go against the German trenches without a hand grenade amongst them.

The world seemed to cave in right there. The raiders, until that moment keyed to a high pitch, drooped like withered flowers. The colonel tore back to the Company P. C. and planted himself at the field telephone, working desperately over the wires that seemed all at once to go out of commission, to get in touch with the men responsible for having the grenades up there. He ordered the raiders to proceed to the jump-off and wait there until the grenades were brought to them.

After more than a half hour the heavy boxes came up and a carrying party was organized on the spot, Colonel Reckord carrying his share of the load with the rest. Stumbling over the rough duckboards winding down through the black Woods, in imminent danger at every step of spilling a box and killing the whole party, they came finally out to the trench where the raiders were waiting, biting their nails and cursing. There they distributed the grenades as the men went over the top.

Hours passed while along the roads behind the line soldiers stood under the trees watching the eastern sky for the pink rocket and listening for the crash of the bengalore torpedoes that would blow away the last vestiges of wire. And when dawn began streaking the lower heavens and the birds began twittering and nothing happened, they turned in and went sadly to sleep.

Daylight had caught Sprague and his men a little more than half way across No Man's Land, and they had to turn around and come back. To have continued the raid would have been fatal. It was the fault of the grenade delay.

The next night they tried it again, leaving from another point and crawling by another route, but this time too difficult a feat had been attempted. It was a full mile and a half from our trenches to the Germans between those points, entirely too long to get over and back with prisoners before daylight, with no means of locomotion but crawling. So for the time being they gave up raiding. They had learned much about it and knew now how to avoid mistakes.

On August 20 Colonel Reckord took command of the Fifty-seventh Brigade composed entirely of New Jersey troops. General Barber having been relieved of command. Major Barrett, the senior field officer of the regiment, again took the helm of the One Hundred and Fifteenth and that night it came out of the first line and the One Hundred and Sixteenth from Virginia went in.

"Maryland's Own" had been holding the front line for 24 days, without rest

or relief, and this had been its first trench experience. So much had not been expected of a totally green regiment. The division commander complimented it highly; the French officers were delighted. In many ways it had showed the temper of veterans. It had kept the enemy at a respectful distance and it had kept its own head cool under stress. It had done well.

And now for almost two weeks it stayed in reserve, with headquarters in the village of Reppe, and there the men had time to stretch their cramped limbs and talk it all over, and. analyze themselves and their feelings after their first turn in the theater of the great war. "Taking a wallop at Kaiser Bill," the folks back home were calling it. A picturesque phrase it was, but scarcely descriptive of the life of a soldier in trench warfare, where "walloping" was largely a waiting game, with mud and rats far outweighing excitement and glory. The One Hundred and Fifteenth was learning things.

The Quiet Sector Awakes

It continued to learn even out of the trenches. Again, as in Champlitte and Valdoie, the men's days were filled with training schedules. Now they were learning to advance long distances over the country, deployed as skirmishers searching out machine-gun nests. From far up there where other Americans were making eternally glorious history on the Vesle, came news of these machine-gun nests. They were the Huns' last cards, and the Yanks were trumping them all—at what costs even the casualty lists tell incompletely. And it was during the two weeks between August 20 and September 5 that the One Hundred and Fifteenth studied to play the German game better than the Germans—and learned it to the Germans' sorrow, as the Verdun chapter in our regiment's history will show.

But before we come to September 5 we come to the night of August 30–31, the night of "The Great Raid."

I was never able to tell this story from France, and tell it truthfully, because of the censorship. It was not a success, and the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment was not at fault. Division headquarters investigated, and was able to settle upon little more than the fact that the trench mortars had played on the German wire too long. The trench mortars were manned and fired by the French.

The first two attempts at raiding had only whetted the Blue and Gray Division's appetite, and this raid was to be conducted on a scale that would be as little calculated to fail as it was humanly possible for trained soldiers to calculate. The Virginia regiment, the One Hundred and Sixteenth, still held the line, with the One Hundred and Fifteenth in reserve, but all the raiders were picked from the Maryland regiment.

The party consisted of 110 men selected from throughout the regiment, though most of them were from the Third Battalion. The leader was Captain

Brooke Lee, and the group leaders were Lieut. Chandler Sprague and Lieut. J. Spence Phelps.

No chance was to be taken this time. The raiders were to sneak across No Man's Land in a skirmish line and lie outside the German wire. They were to leave their own trenches at 1 o'clock in the morning of August 31, and as the zero hour for the preliminary bombardment was fixed at 4.36 A.M. they would have plenty of time to be there and in position for the final dash.

This preliminary bombardment was to be the big thing. It was relied upon more than anything else for the success of the raid. For several days and nights French artillery had been coming into this part of the country and disappearing in the forests a little beyond the pretty villages of La Fontaine, La Chapelle-Sous-Rougemont and Brechaumont—getting into their camouflaged gun positions. It was to open a bombardment upon the entire divisional front. The sector of Haute-Alsace was to get the most terrific rousing up since the days of 1914.

Beginning at the zero hour a dozen regiments of guns were to open a preliminary bombardment that would last five minutes, pounding the German front lines to a pulp. Then it would lift and for five or more minutes trench-mortar bombs would fall on the German wire, ripping it to shreds so that the raiders could rush through to the trenches unimpeded. When the bombs stopped falling the artillery would begin the rolling barrage, a moving avalanche of high explosive, and the raiders would move along behind it, yank out of their dugouts all the cowering German wretches who had crawled in out of the rain of death, and get back, protected on their flanks by a barrage of 24 machine guns of the 112th machine gun battalion operating under Major David J. Markey, of Frederick.

Here, where there was almost a tacit agreement between Germans and Allies that "we won't bother you if you don't bother us," there was to occur suddenly a great slaughter of Germans. The utmost secrecy surrounded every step of the planning. The big object of everything was prisoners—as many as possible.

Promptly at 1 o'clock, on the morning of August 31 the raiding party from the One Hundred and Fifteenth left the trenches held by the One Hundred and Sixteenth. They worked into No Man's Land through an old French trench that ran out toward the objective, and at 2.10 they were in position in skirmish line, not far from the German wire. There they waited.

At 4.36 the bombardment began—a rolling, thumping roar of big guns. At 4.41 the trench-mortar bombs began to tear up the enemy wire. The Marylanders lay flat to the ground under this screaming roof of shells and just ahead of them the earth tossed and rocked with the crashing explosions. Looking westward from No Man's Land the sky was blood-red with the flashes of guns; in the east it was red with the bursting of high explosives. It was a beautiful barrage, timed to the second and deadly.

But some of the trench-mortar bombs were falling short, especially on the left flank. The raiders were lying 250 yards from the objective, yet some bombs were falling but 60 yards ahead of them. And when the five minutes were up Captain Lee allowing an extra minute for the rolling barrage to start, issued an order to get up and move forward behind it and the next moment had to countermand the order. The trench-mortar bombs were still falling.

They waited three more minutes, then started. Moving through the thick, acrid smoke, they got to the wire and found that the mortar barrage had not stopped. Here were the raiders all ready to go through to the Germans—several minutes behind their schedule now—and to do it they would have to pass through their own mortar barrage, which by this time should have ceased.

They found a gap in the wire and started through, engineers going ahead with the cutters to sever a few remaining strands, and while they were in the midst of the wire field a trench-mortar bomb landed in the midst of them.

A few bengalore torpedoes had been brought along. They are long hollow strips of steel a little thicker than bed slats and filled with TNT. Engineers carried them, one at each end, like litter-bearers, and they were to be exploded under any wire that the trench mortars had not destroyed. They contained the most deadly explosive possible.

This trench-mortar bomb landed almost directly on one of these strips of TNT.

One of the two engineers carrying it was tossed 25 feet into the air and came down mangled beyond identification. He was not a Maryland man—most of the engineers were from New Jersey. Other men in the group were swished away like dry leaves in a sudden gale. They picked themselves up, some of them wounded, all of them dazed and shocked.

Captain Lee had already led half the party through a gap in the wire to the right, and had started down the German front-line trench. The men remaining with Lieutenants Sprague and Phelps seemed surprisingly few. It developed later that aside from the casualties some of them had been cut off by the over-long trench-mortar barrage and never did get through the wire or into the German lines.

But gathering together what men they had, Sprague and Phelps led the way through the wire, and while Captain Lee's men were searching the front-line trench, they fell upon a small connecting trench behind it. They searched dugouts and shelters, throwing grenades into them, but produced no Germans.

Captain Lee went back to the third-line trench, and Lieutenant Sprague and Sergeant Bielaski, who had been sent on the raid with Sergeant Walter Spriggs by Major Markey for the special purpose of capturing a German machine-gun, found one as they came around the enemy left of the front-line. It had been blown from its foundations.

But, so far as Germans were concerned, it was a case of "nobody home." There wasn't a German apparently within sight or hearing though watchers on our own side of the lines saw the sky streaked with signal rockets from behind the German lines, like rockets from ships in distress. They were calling the German gunners into action. The next moment their counter-barrage began, laying down a curtain of fire outside their own trenches. The raiders would have to go through it to get back. They were boxed in.

Sprague sent two runners back to hunt for Captain Lee, prowling around somewhere in the German third line, looking for boches, and to tell him of this serious development. And just about that time three derelict Huns, who had managed somehow to escape both the bombardment and the raiders, came to light.

Sergeant Gerk and Private Dorsey, of K Company, discovered them hiding in a small connecting trench leading from the second to the third line. Dorsey was in front and saw them first. They shot him full in the stomach and he fell mortally wounded. Stocky little Sergeant Gerk lunged over the fallen Dorsey and drove his bayonet into the chest of the first German, pinning him to the ground and breaking the bayonet clean off. He left the blade in the Hun's wriggling body and started after the others, who were fleeing down the trench.

Just then Captain Lee appeared around the corner of another connecting trench off to the right, and sent up the pink rocket, the signal to withdraw. Gerk threw a few hand grenades after his boche and abandoned them.

And now came the return of the Maryland raiders to their own trenches through the German barrage, which by this time was searching out every foot of the ground over which they must pass.

Already badly cut up by the terrible mistake of the men who had manned the trench mortars, empty-handed as to the coveted prisoners, with nerves already shaken by the terrific fire, both of their allies and the enemy, that had raged around them while they worked, they started back. Sergeant Bielaski dragged the precious machine gun he had captured. Sergeant Gerk staggered along with Dorsey dying on his back.

To keep any sort of military formation was impossible. The men dodged and flopped their way back through the barrage, knocked down by the shells, killed outright or wounded; and those who were able continued at a crawl, never knowing whether the next inch of progress would bring them in line with a shell, or whether it was surer death to lie still. But, somehow, most of them got back. When they began toppling to comparative safety over the edges of their own trenches broad daylight was more than an hour old.

Sprague went back again into that wicked country, working past a tricky Hun sniper toward the sound of groans, found an M Company man alive and Private Davis quite dead. He and Private Fleischman tried to get the M Com-

pany man back past the sniper and through the wire, and Fleischman was wounded, brought back by Sprague and died.

Captain Lee, with Sergeant Miller, of M Company, wounded, and several other noncommissioned officers lay out all that hot day of August 31, in a shellhole in No Man's Land, and were unable to get back until long after dark because the country was infested with German snipers.

And out of this handpicked raiding party of 110 of the best men of the One Hundred and Fifteenth, there were 39 casualties, including 11 whom nobody saw killed, but who never came back; and they did not get a single prisoner.

All of which redounds to the eternal glory of "Maryland's Own Regiment." For their losses were great and their mission failed only because they went ahead and did their job when they saw their own artillery support doing worse than failing before their very faces.

At a time when to "carry on" might mean death in their own barrage, they "carried on."

And now things "woke up" for certain in the sector of Haute-Alsace. On September 14 the Germans opened a gas war. French and Czecho-Slovaks on the left of the Maryland line they deluged with mustard, and that same night they bombarded the village of Traubach-le-Haute, inflicting casualties in the Second Battalion of the One Hundred and Fifteenth. Stung to anger by this big raid—for the fierce artillery bombardment of the French must have wreaked havoc among their forces behind the lines—the Germans were doubling their activity.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth had taken over the sector again on the nights of September 5–6 and 6–7, relieving the One Hundred and Sixteenth. It was their second turn in the trenches, and they could see the results of what they had done since July 27. No Man's Land was almost entirely clear of prowling Huns now, and they fought at long range, bombarding the railhead at Fontaine with big guns, throwing over flocks of gas shells, bombing sleeping villages from the air.

The Maryland patrols had the country between the trenches almost to themselves now; the boche patrols stayed at home. About the last skirmish of the Alsace campaign was between a scout patrol from the First Battallion, led by Lieut. Joseph Ayres, and a band of Germans. The Marylanders coming out of their trenches for the evening prowl ran full tilt into the enemy and drove him back to his lines in a hurry.

On September 13 three men from the First Battalion roamed over the shelltorn fields clear into the village of Ammertzwiller behind the enemy lines. They saw no Germans. They ripped from house walls some signs printed in German and brought them back as trophies. It looked as though the boche was holding his lines very lightly if, indeed, he was holding them at all.

Capt. Herbert L. Grymes, with a patrol from D Company, found out that the boche would like to hold his lines a little more if the Maryland men would only let him. It was on the night the Second Battalion of the One Hundred and Fifteenth relieved the Third Battalion in the Gildwiller sector, the night of September 16–17. Captain Grymes took his men over and set them down around the end of a little finger of trench that ended in No Man's Land. He pointed a couple of automatic rifles down it, spread out other men with rifles and hand grenades on the flanks and lay back to watch.

In a few minutes, as though they had simply been waiting for Captain Grymes to arrive, a crowd of Germans began filing down this finger of trench, all equipped to go out on patrol. But they no more suspected that Captain Grymes and his men were out there waiting for them than they suspected the Kaiser of being a Frenchman. And when the trench was nicely full of plump lads in field gray, the coldhearted Maryland captain whispered an order and a sheaf of bullets sped straight down the narrow aisle. To make matters worse a lot of hand grenades fell in on them.

There was terrible havoc in that trench for a few long minutes and the German patrol never came out.

Next night the Germans retaliated with a heavy gas attack on Holzberg wood; it was the One Hundred and Fifteenth's first experience with gas. Twenty-four casualties resulted, including seven killed. A strong concentration of mustard had been sent over—the first in that sector since the war started, for gas was not used in 1914, and by the time it appeared in the fighting things had become quiet in Alsace and gas had been prohibited on both sides for the sake of the villagers, who were still living close to the front.

The good gas discipline of the Marylanders saved them from greater casualties, and gas discipline had to be discipline developed to the highest power. Every soldier in Europe had come to regard gas as his worst enemy; a man had no chance to fight it. Either he was quick with his gas mask (and that meant obeying gas orders at all times), or he was dead. It was a sneaky, treacherous enemy, but it failed to demoralize the One Hundred and Fifteenth.

And now the greatest battle in America's history was drawing near. The One Hundred and Fifteenth had a part in the preparations for it right there in old Alsace.

Their part demonstrated the fact that it is not all of war to strike blows—even in the front line. At some time and some place it may be the greater part of strategy to feint, so that the enemy shifts his guard and leaves his chin or his solar-plexus unprotected against the quick blow that follows the feint. The One Hundred and Fifteenth made the feint.

All inhabitants were ordered out of the villages of Hecken, Falckwiller, Gildwiller, Ueberkumen and Balschwiller. It was known that news of this move

"Front Line in Holz-Berg Woods." Undated photograph. (Maryland Historical Society.)

would get to the Germans and that they would suspect something. The news did get to them, and for five nights after the villagers left those five towns the Germans deluged them with poison gas. The Marylanders there lived almost constantly in their gas masks.

Other bluffs were made, tending to arouse German suspicion that the Twenty-ninth Division was getting ready to try to take Mulhouse, the biggest town in that part of Alsace. Colonel Reckord made frequent "fake reconnaissances" looking toward an attack. And on the night of September 20 the Blue and Gray Division started up toward the Argonne-Meuse drive for which the First American Army was gathering from all parts of France. It was now a division of trench veterans with nearly two months' steady service in the line and without a rest.

Into the Argonne Fight

The One Hundred and Fifteenth was relieved by the Tenth Regiment of French Chasseurs (Blue Devils) and marched, as soon as its various groups were relieved, to Bessoncourt on the nights of September 20 and 21. On the night of September 23 it piled into trains of box cars at Belfort and on the morning of the 24th it rolled away toward the north and west.

In the area around the city of Barle-duc, about 40 kilometers south of Verdun, it detrained that night and the next morning, Colonel Reckord establishing regimental headquarters at Seigneulles. The First and Second Battalions and the machine-gun company bivouacked in forests nearby, and the Third was billeted in the village of Marats-le-Grande.

The status of the Twenty-ninth when the great Argonne drive began on September 26, was that of a division in army reserve. Three army corps were in the First American Army for this operation, with three divisions in the front line in each corps. Other divisions were in reserve for each corps, and behind the corps-reserve divisions were the army-reserve divisions. In a pinch they would be thrown hurriedly anywhere into the whole line from the west bank of the Meuse river to the western edge of the Argonne Forest.

Division headquarters was established at Conde, and headquarters of the Fifty-eighth Brigade—Virginians and Marylanders—was at Hargeville. The day after the troops arrived, Brig.-Gen. Harry H. Bandholtz, who had commanded the brigade ever since a few days after General Gaither left it, was taken away.

The Maryland men felt this to be a decided loss. Everybody in the Fifty-eighth—Virginians as well as Marylanders—had come to love General Bandholtz, who was as fair and just as he was stern and unyielding in discipline. He had developed a wonderful organization; it had absorbed his own snappy, military personality, and the men were the model soldiers of the division. General Bandholtz had set his heart on leading it in the fight. But on the eve of the fight General Pershing sent for him and made him Provost-Marshal General of the whole American Expeditionary Force. His training and genius for organization made him the best man in France for the job at a time when the military police system was badly in need of repair.

And so, with a part of the greatest battle in the world just before them, the Marylanders lost their General. Colonel Caldwell, an old regular army man, succeeded him.

The rumble of the greatest artillery bombardment in history (up to that time), came down to the Marylanders, 40 kilometers away on the night of the attack, and all night trucks clattered through the pitch-dark villages on their way forward. On the third day of its position in army reserve the Twenty-ninth received orders to prepare to move. Trucks would rush it up to the battle. The trucks themselves, manned by pairs of Chinese coolies from French Indo-China, were stretched along every road in the divisional area for miles. The division's orders were "stand by the trucks."

The men slung on their packs and rifles and stood by the trucks. They stood by them all night in a cold, driving rain. They tried to crawl into them to keep dry, but the orders of the French were to take nobody aboard until orders arrived to start. And after the men had slept all night in the mud, some without

even shelter tents between themselves and the downpour, new orders came and the trucks went away without them.

The Marylanders stayed all that day in the open, drying their clothes around little wood fires, and finally that night they started—not by trucks but by foot, in more rain.

Before daylight they reached Mondrecourt, soaking wet and covered with mud. Mondrecourt was a village of about 10 houses and a few barns and the men threw themselves on piles of hay or on floors—anywhere to be under a roof, and slept heavily until sunset. Then they started on again, and arrived next morning in Nixeville, a few kilometers southwest of Verdun.

The hike from Champlitte to the trains back in July dropped for a time among the forgotten things during this two-day-and-night march to the Argonne drive. The exposure to the wet and cold and the hard night marching made many men ill. Cases of influenza and pneumonia developed; ambulances were constantly on duty.

But two days' rest in Nixeville worked wonders with the One Hundred and Fifteenth. The men scraped the mud from their shoes and even shined them, so strong within them were the habits of neatness and soldierliness they had developed under General Morton's discipline in the old peaceful days at Camp McClellan.

Camp McClellan! Those had been the good old days, and they used to seem so hard! A man never knew when he was well off, did he? A tent with a stove in it would look like a palace now. But there'd be no tents or stoves for some time to come now. The big fight was about to begin. Thus the men philosophized as they rested at Nixeville, polishing their guns and cleaning their pistols and belts and shining up their muddy, hob-nailed shoes.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth moved then to the Bois de Burrus, disappearing for a time in dugouts in the Woods. Regimental P. C. was established at Germonville.

The Fifty-eighth Brigade, prize brigade of the Twenty-ninth Division, had been separated from the division, placed under the command of the Seventeenth French Corps, and ordered to attack. It was to cross the Meuse from the west bank to the east above Verdun and surprise the Germans there who were enfilading the American positions on the west bank—firing into them from three angles. It was to drive these Germans back.

The attack would begin on "D Day" at "H Hour." Brigade and regimental headquarters waited anxiously while it planned its dispositions and its tactics and its supply systems, for word from the French. When "D Day" and "H Hour" were finally made known the start of the battle would be but a matter of hours.

The End of the "Invincible Verdun Line"

"D Day" was Tuesday, October 8; "H Hour" was 5 o'clock in the morning. But if Colonel Caldwell, commanding the Fifty-eighth Brigade, had not had the sort of inspiration that comes to soldiers sometimes in some phase of some great battle, there might have been trouble for the One Hundred and Fifteenth that day instead of victory.

But before we go into that we ought to see something of this battle-field that means so much in Maryland history—to know where it was and what it looked like, and why this particular battle was fought.

West of the River Meuse the American Army had made glorious advances. Against the most brilliant, stubborn rearguard action in the history of wars the doughboys were pushing on, slowly by this time, but still pushing. The Argonne drive had slowed up, there was no doubt about that. After the first dash of September 26, when the Three Hundred and Thirteenth, with the rest of the army abreast of it from the Meuse to the Argonne Forest had swept over Montfaucon, the advance had become a slow, painful day-to-day job of capturing machine-gun nests one at a time.

But east of the Meuse and north of Verdun the Germans had not fallen back. Instead they had massed men and guns there much more densely than on the west bank. They had constantly been expecting an attack there before the attack on the west bank started. On September 22 a German divisional order taken from a prisoner said:

"It is certain that the Franco-Americans are going to attack east of the Meuse on a great scale. We have not yet been able to determine whether the attack will extend to the left (west) bank. The situation demands the greatest surveillance. Under no circumstances is the enemy to be able to surprise us."

After September 26 the Germans sent three of the six reserve divisions they had massed on the east bank to try to stop the advance on the west bank.

But they still refused to believe that the attack beginning September 26 was the main attack; they thought it was just a new deception.

About October 5 this order came out in the Fifth German Army, signed "von der Marwitz":

"According to the news we possess *the enemy is going to attack the Vth Army east of the Meuse and try to push toward Longuyon-Sadan, the most important artery of the Army of the West.* Moreover, the intention of the enemy is to render impossible for us the exploitation of the Bassin de Briey, upon which our steel production depends in a large measure.

"Thus it is once more that the hardest part of the task may fall upon the Vth Army in the course of the fighting of the next weeks; it is upon that task that the security of the Fatherland may rest.

"It is on the *invincible resistance of the Verdun front that the fate of a great part of the west front depends, and perhaps the fate of our people.*"

And from those strongly held positions on the east bank, from which they could look over into the rear of our army driving ahead on the west bank, they were pouring a deadly artillery and machine-gun fire that enfiladed the American lines. So it became necessary at last to help von der Marwitz realize his expectations of an attack on the Verdun front. It became necessary to send men against that "invincible resistance" upon which "the fate of the west front and the fate of our people" depended.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth, One Hundred and Sixteenth Infantry Regiments and the One Hundred and Twelfth Machine Gun Battalion were picked to decide the fate of the German people. Thus came to the old Maryland and Virginia National Guard the highest reward that can come to soldiers who, having reached that fork in the highway that all men reach in their lives—whether soldiers or not—have taken the right, though roughest road, and have become great.

The Fifty-eighth Brigade had been detached from the Twenty-ninth Division for the attack, and was made a part of the Seventeenth French Corps, under whose orders it was to advance. Twenty-ninth Division Headquarters had been established in the citadel of Verdun, and I believe it was the first American division to establish headquarters in that heroic city, at whose very name the heart of a Frenchman swelled, giving him the courage of a lion and the self-forgetfulness of a mother. But the Twenty-ninth as a division was not to take part in the opening of the attack.

The French had told the Fifty-eighth brigade commander everything he needed to know about the plans for the battle, except one thing. It had not told him the day or the hour. It was necessary to surprise the Germans—no chances could be taken of their learning when to expect the blow. They were well enough prepared for almost anything, as Von der Marwitz's order showed. The only hope of demoralizing that "invincible resistance" lay in falling upon it out of a clear sky. And that, literally, is what the One Hundred and Fifteenth was going to do. There was to be no preliminary artillery bombardment—just a silent, sudden pounce like a cat upon a mouse, and the "fireworks" were to come later.

So that it was well to let "D Day" and "H Hour" be mysteries until the last minute. But when the last minute arrived they were still mysteries. Colonel Caldwell had reasons of his own to believe that "D Day" was October 8, but he had no word about it from the Seventeenth French Corps headquarters, and he was under that corps' orders.

What should he do? If he ordered the brigade to move into position and make the attack, and it developed that "D Day" was October 9, for instance, he would probably be without support on either flank and there might be disaster. If he didn't give the order and October 8 actually were "D Day" and the French attacked, there would be a great gap at the point where the One Hundred and Fifteenth should be attacking.

The moment arrived when, if the attack was to be made on October 8, the regiments should be marching, crossing the Meuse river and getting into position on the other side for the jump-off. Otherwise they would arrive too late.

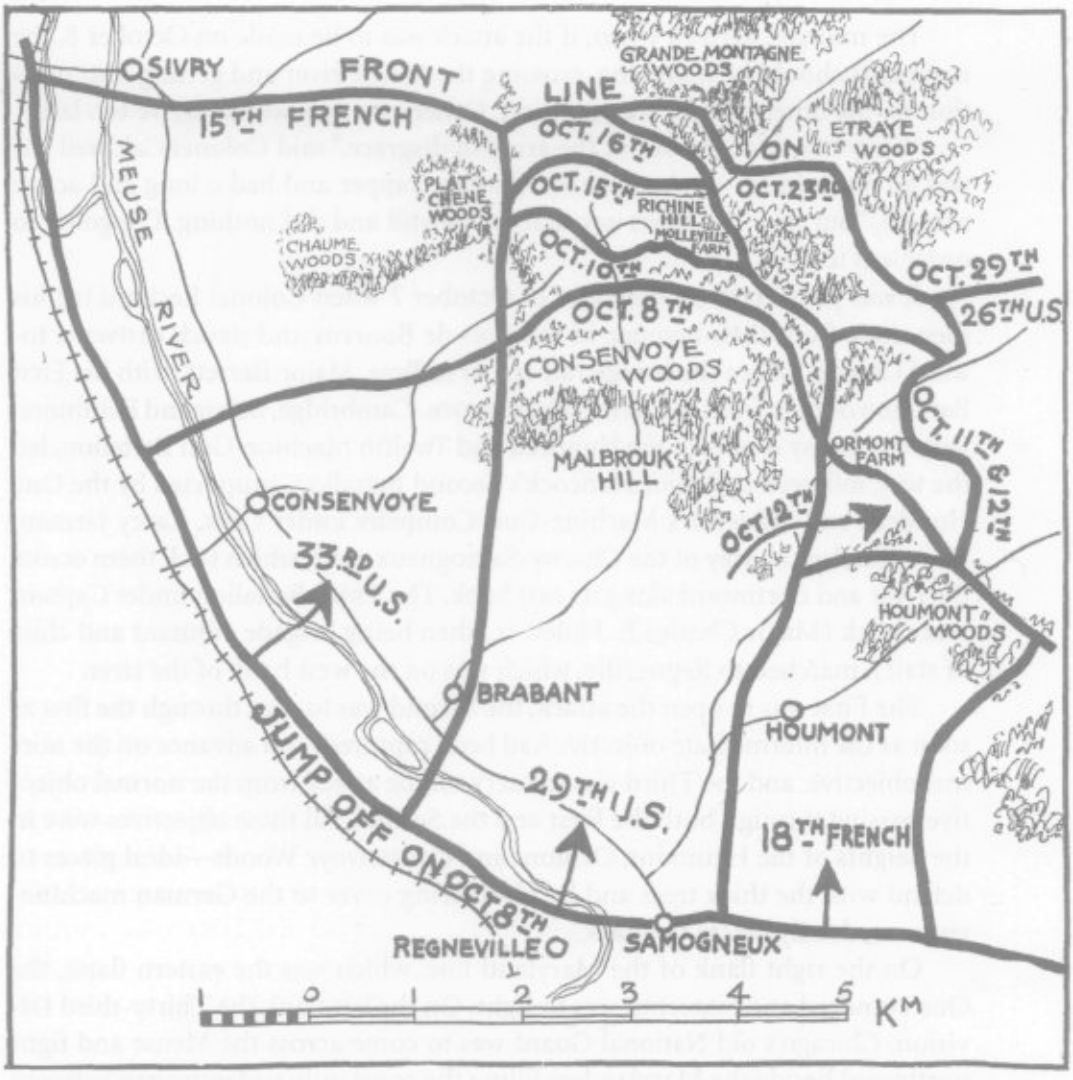
"They may kick me out of the army in disgrace," said Colonel Caldwell (he was an old soldier—looked like an Alaskan trapper and had a long and active record), "but they can never say that we sat still and did nothing. I'm going to order 'em to start."

It was pitch dark on the night of October 7 when Colonel Reckord led his men away from their bivouac in the Bois de Bourrus and struck eastward toward Charny, where the bridge ran across to Bras. Major Barrett, with his First Battalion of men from Frederick, Hagerstown, Cambridge, Belair and Baltimore, with Company A of the One Hundred and Twelfth Machine-Gun Battalion, led the way, followed by Major Hancock's Second Battalion, supported by the One Hundred and Fifteenth's Machine-Gun Company under Capt. Carey Jarman. They marched by way of the Charny-Samogneux road, which took them across the river and northward along its east bank. The Third Battalion under Captain Woodcock (Major Charles B. Finley, Jr., then being brigade adjutant and chief of staff), marched to Regneville, which was on the west bank of the river.

The First was to open the attack, the Second was to pass through the first as soon as the intermediate objective had been captured, and advance on the normal objective; and the Third was to carry on the attack from the normal objective passing through both the First and the Second. All these objectives were in the heights of the Haumont, Ormont and Consenvoye Woods—ideal places to defend with the thick trees and brush offering cover to the German machine-gunners; deadly places to attack.

On the right flank of the Maryland line, which was the eastern flank, the One Hundred and Sixteenth was to fight. On the left flank the Thirty-third Division, Chicago's old National Guard was to come across the Meuse and fight northward beside the Marylanders filling the constantly widening gap between the river's east bank and the One Hundred and Fifteenth's left flank, for the river flowed to the northwest and the One Hundred and Fifteenth's attack was almost due north.

On the right side of the Charny-Samogneux road which almost parallels the river, and about 10 kilometers north of Verdun, a stake is driven into the ground bearing a white-painted board on which in black letters is the word "Samogneux." On the morning of October 8, a few other things were there beside the sign—a few heaps of rock and dust, making the place look like a monument dealer's ill-kept back yard or a deserted stone quarry. But a few days later there was nothing but the sign. It marked the site of the village of that name—beaten almost to powder before the Marylanders ever saw it; reduced to nothing at all during the days that followed.



Map, reproduced from the original prepared in France by the 29th Division's Intelligence Section, showing the division's role in the Meuse-Argonne operation, October 1918. (From Tompkins, Maryland Fighters in the Great War.*)*

It was just beyond Samogneux that Maryland's Own Regiment "jumped off"—between Samogneux and Brabant, a kilometer and a half away. The German outposts were in Brabant.

An hour after he had made his "live-or-die" decision and his brigade was on the way to either ignominy or glory, Colonel Caldwell got from the French the message he had been waiting for. "D Day" was Tuesday, October 8; "H Hour" was 5 o'clock in the morning.

They started at 5 o'clock, two companies of the First Battalion in the first line deployed as skirmishers and two companies in support advancing in line of

combat groups. Spread widely over the fields, woods and roads they were arranged like checkers on a board, so that enemy shells landing among them would hurt the fewest possible men. No artillery bombardment heralded their advance, but just as they started a rolling barrage came down in front of them, moving on ahead of them as they advanced.

Thus went Maryland's Own over the top to strike the first blow in the battle that would decide (in von der Marwitz's own words) "the fate of the German people."

Their first encounters were with Austrians, whom they swept off their feet with the suddenness of their attack. They were ragged, scrubby-looking men; two or three among the first bunch they sent back had but one shoe apiece, but to the Maryland soldiers they looked like a million dollars. They were the One Hundred and Fifteenth's first prisoners.

By 9 o'clock they had captured Malbrouck Hill, three kilometers and a half away from the jump-off. On the crest of this hill was a strong line of trenches which the Germans called the "Branbanter Stellung." Major Barrett's men pounced upon it and mopped it up in almost as little time as it takes to tell it. Lieutenant Jobes, of A Company, had been killed, but the whole attack was moving like clockwork. Brigade headquarters—Colonel Caldwell and Major Finley, Lieut. Richard Fearn and Lieut. Hugh McCoy, and the detachment of telephone men and motorcycle riders, who were still working at top speed as they had been working all night—waiting anxiously in a dugout on the Cote de Talou within sight of Dead Man's hill for news from the advancing line, got message after message full of nothing but good news. Resistance was being overcome as fast as it developed; prisoners were coming back in parades; French artillerymen along the road turned from the hot guns with which they had been defending Verdun on this same ground for four weary years, and cheered as the Austrians and Germans trudged down along the Meuse with their doughboy guards.

One company was detailed to mop up the ground between the left flank of the One Hundred and Fifteenth and the canal that bordered the Meuse, for the Thirty-third Division had not yet crossed the river to join in the attack. When they did come the Chicagoans, to quote a German corps report taken later from a prisoner, "in broad daylight crossed the Meuse and went with a single bound into the Bois de Chaume." It was the dash of the One Hundred and Fifteenth that made the entry of the Thirty-third possible, and it forced the Germans to suddenly extend their defensive front to 11 kilometers.

Smoothly and quickly Major Hancock's battalion, which had been following Major Barrett's at a distance of 500 meters, executed a "passage of lines," filtering through the First Battalion now resting for a few minutes in the hard-won trenches on Malbrouck Hill and passing down the slope, across the ravine and into the Consenvoye woods.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth was now up against the Germans' main line of resistance, the "Hagen Stellung," which ran along the southern part of the Bois de Chaume, Bois de Consenvoye and Bois de Haumont, from west to east. This line General von der Marwitz, of the Fifth Army, had ordered held at all costs.

But at the end of the day Hancock's men—Elkton and Hyattsville soldiers of the old First Maryland and Baltimore men from the old Fifth and Fourth—had reached the edge of Molleville clearing, nearly two kilometers deep in the Consenvoye Woods, and the Hagen Stellung was no more.

Do not imagine that all they had to do was to walk through the woods like strollers hunting for beautiful autumn leaves. There was death in every step of their advance. Here were the deadly machine-gun nests whose tricks they had studied to beat in the days in Alsace when the Virginians relieved them for a time. The bushes and the trees were full of them, lurking behind screens of leaves and brush that hid them, and striking unseen like rattlesnakes—and more fatal. But what "strolling" it was possible for human men to go through a place like that (and none who did not see them fight realizes the possibilities for superhuman things in these plain men from Maryland), these men of the One Hundred and Fifteenth did; and, as I say, they reached the edge of Molleville Clearing that evening before dark.

There developed a weak place in the line of the Fifty-eighth Brigade. It was at the point where the One Hundred and Fifteenth and One Hundred and Sixteenth should have joined. They had not joined, and nightfall found a gap between them with the One Hundred and Sixteenth about 500 meters behind on the right. Major Hancock filled the gap by "refusing his right flank"—that is, drawing the right of his battalion back 500 meters to connect with the One Hundred and Sixteenth. If that gap had remained open during the night and the Germans had counter-attacked there they might have broken through and outflanked the Second Battalion. But the Marylanders were overlooking nothing.

"We Are Going Ahead!"

In the meantime the Third Battalion, under Captain Woodcock, had come into the fight. Following the Second at a distance of 1,000 meters it had come to the Intermediate Objective on Malbrouck Hill. Receiving no word from the Second Battalion that the normal objective—the German's main line of resistance—had been taken, the battalion at 12.30 advanced and entered the Bois de Consenvoye on the left. As Major Hancock's men had done, these men from Salisbury, Silver Springs, Crisfield and Annapolis with the men from the old Baltimore regiments, lunged into a forest of machine-gun nests and mopped them up without mercy. Reaching the Normal Objective they dug in for the

night and established liaison with the Thirty-third Division on the left. Col. Reckord, directing the regiment's advance from across the river directly opposite the German positions, had moved to the east bank and established his P. C. in a recently captured German dugout in the Cote des Roches, a few hundred yards south of Brabant.

It was in the side of the hill on the main road, and all along that road ambulances were rolling and supply trains were struggling to get up more ammunition and food. The Germans had worked hard to handicap traffic. Just below Brabant they had planted a mine in the center of the road, but Blue and Gray engineers had discovered it and blown it up before trucks came up. It made a crater big enough to hold the foundations and cellar of a house, so the engineers gouged into the hillside and built a new road around it. Between Brabant and Malbrouck Hill they had blocked the road with masonry from the ruined village—immense bowlders piled high and deep, so that it would seem to take a week to clear it away. But Maj. Fred Vinup put a gang of German prisoners to work on it and under the goading of their guards they cleared it in an hour and a half.

At 6 o'clock next morning (Wednesday, October 9), came the first counter-attack. As Colonel Reckord and Major Hancock had expected it was aimed at the point where the gap had been the day before, and the brunt of it fell on the right flank of the Second Battalion of the One Hundred and Fifteenth.

It was a battalion of Saxons, rated as among the best troops in the Fifth Army, but it struck a stone wall when it struck that One Hundred and Fifteenth—a stone wall that opened hospitably, however, just long enough to swallow up a whole company and take it prisoner. The rest of the battalion was repulsed with heavy losses, but in falling back the Germans left groups of machine gunners in the woods about 200 meters in front of the Maryland line.

French Corps Headquarters heard of the counter-attack and immediately dispatched a message to Colonel Reckord ordering him to retake at once all the ground he had lost. It was in answer to this message that the Maryland colonel hastily penciled the reply:

"Have no ground to retake, for we have lost none. We are going ahead."

And so the One Hundred and Fifteenth stood on the evening of the second day of its first attack in the American Army's great Argonne-Meuse battle, having won about six kilometers of territory from the Germans, having broken the "invincible German front of Verdun," and having repulsed a counter-attack. They had not won these things cheaply. Good Maryland men lay dead back there through the woods and more were back in the hospitals with their bodies torn and their souls yearning to get back and into the fight. For the battle was not over; they were "going ahead."

Next day—the tenth—came the battle of Molleville Farm. The First Battal-

ion, freshened a little now with the brief rest on Malbrouck Hill, passed through the Second Battalion, and the Third Battalion advanced with the First.

Molleville farm lay in the bottom of a cleared ravine to the right of the main road running through Consenvoye wood, and the advance of Woodcock's men would take it out of the edge of a part of the woods into the clearing. Every inch of this clearing, including the ruined farm buildings, was in full sight of German gunners in the edge of the Bois de Plat Chene, which carpeted the top of the opposite hill—Richene hill.

The Germans made full use of their advantage. Into both the First and Third Battalion they poured a withering hail of machine-gun bullets as the Marylanders came on. The Third encountered the heavier fire and was held back in the Consenvoye woods. Capt. John Wade, of M Company, was killed at almost the outset of the attack. Captain Woodcock called for artillery fire on the German machine-gun positions in the Bois de Plat Chene; and for 15 minutes American 75s from the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Artillery Brigade beat upon the enemy. Then, through the fog and smoke that filled the valley, the Third Battalion, supported on the left by Company D, of the First Battalion, under Capt. Herbert L. Grymes, swept down upon Molleville farm.

Up the opposite slope Woodcock's men swept on—up and over Richene Hill and the First kept on through the eastern part of the forest.

The German trenches and machine-gun emplacement along the edge of the woods had been battered to nothing by the artillery. Nests that had escaped, the Maryland men took with their bayonets, and snipers in the trees they brought down like hunters stalking birds. The prisoners that came back now were not the scrubby, tired sort of men that were taken in the first day of the attack, but real Germans—big, strong fellows and full of fight. The Marylanders were up against the best Germany had.

They dug in here and prepared to hold what they had won, but the next counter-attack, when it came on October 11, was against the One Hundred and Sixteenth, on the right. By this time the rest of the Blue and Gray Division had come into the fight and General Morton was directing the operations of his men under the French Corps. On the day of this counter-attack the New Jersey men of the One Hundred and Thirteenth and two companies of the One Hundred and Eleventh Machine-gun Battalion, under Major Millard E. Tydings, of Maryland, attacked the Bois de la Reine and the Bois d'Ormont. On October 12 the One Hundred and Fourteenth, also from New Jersey, and the two remaining companies of the One Hundred and Eleventh Machine-gun Battalion, attacked the Bois d'Ormont from the south.

Every day and every night the German big guns poured heavy fire into the positions our men had taken. But nothing could shake them loose. They lived now in little scooped-out places in the earth, protected from the view of the

German aviators by roofs of branches and by the few scattered trees that had survived terrific bombardments. These aviators circled constantly over the woods, and upon the slightest stirring around they would swoop down and rake the place with machine-gun bullets. Runners, whose duties kept them constantly afoot in the forests and along the roads with messages, were frequently victims of the boche flyers and the boche artillery, which searched the country with gas and high explosive.

On the morning of October 15 the One Hundred and Fifteenth began an attack on the Bois de la Grande Montagne, the biggest forest in the area. The Third Battalion under Woodcock was the assaulting battalion, covering a front about a kilometer long. The Virginians of the One Hundred and Sixteenth attacked at the same time on the right, but met such vigorous opposition that the Marylanders were forced to stay their advance in order to keep contact with the Virginians.

At this stage of the battle the One Hundred and Fifteenth was called upon to help the One Hundred and Sixteenth. From the start of the operation the Virginians had had difficulty in keeping abreast of the Marylanders. Colonel Reckord was constantly "refusing his right flank," that is drawing it back after it had gained its objective, to preserve liaison with the One Hundred and Sixteenth, and to close the gap through which the Germans might strike. The Germans had sensed the situation and continued to resist the Virginians fiercely. So Col. J. McA. Palmer, who in the midst of the fight had succeeded Colonel Caldwell as commander of the Fifty-eighth Brigade, ordered the Second Battalion of Marylanders over to help the Virginians.

Capt. Thomas McNicholas was commanding the Second at that time, Major Hancock having been completely worn out with sleeplessness, shell-shock and a touch of gas. Major Barrett was in much the same condition, but both had hung on, half dead though they were, until ordered from their posts and sent back to hospitals. Captain Woodcock commanding the Third was the only battalion commander still able to stick to his command, and he was kept busy dodging doctors who thought he ought to quit.

Captains and lieutenants were gaunt and hollow-eyed and thick stubbles of beard were on their faces. Their clothes were ripped and caked with mud. The men were in the same condition. As though a storm of proportions more terrific than any storm the mind can imagine had swept through the forest, the ground behind the One Hundred and Fifteenth was a terrible wreck and strewn with wreckage—human wreckage, some of it, for the bodies of our Maryland men lay there, some of them as though they merely slept, with an arm under the head for a pillow, and the good old rifle alongside, and a knee doubled up, perhaps, for comfort.

But there was no sleep for the gallant One Hundred and Fifteenth in the Verdun fight—except the sleep of death.

McNicholas took his men across the country in the night and reported to Col. R. H. Kelley, commanding the Virginians. Colonel Kelley threw them into the line at once, putting Company F, under Capt. Philip McIntyre, and Company G, under Lieut. Merrill Rosenfeld, into the front. Capt. Henry Robb, of Company G, had been sent to the hospital.

It was here that Rosenfeld was killed, on the morning of October 16, when, with Marylanders now spread along the front of virtually the entire Fifty-eighth Brigade, the attack swept ahead irresistibly. A machine-gun bullet got him, leading his company. So fierce did the German resistance become during the day that in the afternoon Company H was sent up to fill a gap in the front line. The advance ended at dusk, with the lower edge of the Bois de la Grande Montagne in the hands of the Marylanders and Virginians.

The Last Fight

Early next morning—5.15 to be exact—men of Company H, lying in the woods along a little German tramway that ran along the eastern edge of the forest, heard coming toward them the tramp of many heavy feet. Almost as soon as they heard it a little group of boches was upon them, not looking for a fight but bearing a great can of hot coffee and several loaves of bread. It was a ration detail, hunting for the German line which it did not know was now held by the Americans. As quick as thought the men of H Company opened to let the ration detail through, then closed in behind it and captured it.

But following the ration detail came a long file of German soldiers, with packs, rifles and machine-guns—reinforcements apparently—totally ignorant of the fact that their line of the evening before was in the hands of the One Hundred and Fifteenth. There were about 100 of them.

The Company H men waited until they were very close then cut loose into them with their rifles. Taken completely by surprise, the Germans broke and scattered. The Marylanders took their captain and several of the men prisoners and killed and drove back the rest. This was one of the links of a long chain of evidences that the German order of battle opposite the Blue and Gray Division had become almost demoralized. Those in front would be beaten back and the others would never know it. Among prisoners taken by a single battalion of the One Hundred and Fifteenth there would be Germans from perhaps a half dozen different divisions. Things were badly tangled in the German Army during those days.

And finally, on October 23, came the One Hundred and Fifteenth's last fight. It was a battle for the ridge of the Bois d'Etraye from which the Germans looked down upon the One Hundred and Fifteenth's and Sixteenth's positions in the Bois de la Grande Montagne.

New Jersey men of the One Hundred and Thirteenth, some of them commanded by Major James G. Knight and Major Ralph Hutchins, and Virginians of the One Hundred and Sixteenth, attacked toward the east and the First Battalion of "Maryland's Own" attacked toward the north—a covering attack that would hold the Germans in check while the right of the line was brought up abreast of the One Hundred and Fifteenth.

One of the fiercest fights of all the Blue and Gray's operations was this battle for Etraye Ridge. The First Battalion fought desperately against the German's heaviest concentration of machine guns. Lieut. Harry Webb, of Company D, standing up a moment in the woods to look over the line—just a moment—was shot down instantly and killed. His Maryland comrades never recovered his body, though Chaplain Frederick Reynolds and Capt. Winfield Harward, of Company B, went up to the woods after the armistice to hunt for it. Efforts were made to recover it the night Webb was killed, but the Germans kept the spot hot with machine-gun fire.

So terrific was the battle for Etraye Ridge that on the night of the 23rd the First Battalion was taken out and the Second took over the line, and on the 25th the Third Battalion relieved the Second. It was on the 25th that Etraye Ridge was finally taken and held.

On October 27th the One Hundred and Sixteenth was relieved and the One Hundred and Fifteenth was ordered to hold both sectors; so the night of October 28–29 found Maryland's Own Regiment holding the line that marked the limits of the advances of the Blue and Gray Division.

Twenty-one days in line—steady, terrible fighting all the time—little food, scarcely any sleep—131 officers and men killed—a total casualty list in this single operation of 1,031 Maryland men!

And the "fate of the German people" decided—against the German Army, with the "invincible Verdun resistance" demoralized and pushed back nearly eight kilometers.

On that night (October 28–29), the Blue and Gray was relieved by the Seventy-ninth, the Camp Meade Division, the Three Hundred and Sixteenth taking the One Hundred and Fifteenth's sector. The regiment marched by companies back to the Cote des Roches, where Colonel Reckord had had his P. C. on the second day of the battle. The Germans shelled the whole area heavily while the companies were marching back; ten men were wounded in one platoon by a single high explosive shell.

They returned again to the area around Bar-le-duc, where they had waited in army reserve while the September drive was starting, and there they were when the war ended less than two weeks later. And a glorious night it was back there then, with the French country folk, sobbing through their laughter, showering the men with flowers and embracing them; and with rockets soaring into

the sky and the band tearing things loose; and Colonel Reckord, the god and idol of his men, hoisted willy-nilly to boxes and porches to make speeches. Quite different from the last days of September.

Now they went to Fresnes, France, and in the small villages round about. Colonel Reckord's headquarters were in Fresnes. The village was far back in the country, below the Belfort-Paris railroad line, where the war had never been heard. There they waited to come home.

And that is the end of their story. The true story of no regiment in the American Expeditionary Forces will ever have more in it of glory, sacrifice and the pure, undreamed-of heroism of plain American manhood.

The Civic Lives of White Women in Seventeenth-Century Maryland

DEBRA MEYERS

Seizing the opportunity to practice their Roman Catholicism in peace while looking for new financial opportunities, in August 1638 Margaret Brent, her two brothers, and her sister Mary set out to start a new life in Maryland. Before leaving England, thirty-seven-year-old Margaret, always a careful businesswoman, obtained a letter from Maryland's proprietor, Lord Baltimore, securing for herself several large tracts of land about a half-mile outside the new settlement.[1] After months of delay and hardship, the Brents reached St. Mary's City on November 22, 1638.

Margaret was shrewd enough to make the most of the advantages she possessed—wealth, education, and family connections. Her father was Sir Richard Brent, and her mother, Elizabeth, was the daughter of another prestigious nobleman, Lord Giles Reed. Born into a wealthy English family that valued education, she received more than just the basics of reading and writing. Her kinship network—she was related to both the proprietor and governor of Maryland—presented her with the opportunity to pursue her interests in the New World. As a large landholder and the governor's close confidant, she occupied a position of authority soon after arriving in the province and wisely used her power and influence to gain the respect of most wealthy men in Maryland.

Lying on his deathbed, Governor Leonard Calvert asked Margaret to "take all and pay all," thereby making her executrix of his estate.[2] Calvert had agreed to finance the province's successful defense against Richard Ingle, who had sacked the colony in 1645, a move that left Calvert heavily in debt. At the time of Calvert's death, the Virginia soldiers he had hired impatiently waited for their wages while remaining in the province protecting the colonists against further invasion. The mercenaries became increasingly anxious; their hungry bellies ached along with all of Maryland's after Ingle and his mob carried off most of the grain in the province during their hasty retreat. Doing her best to placate the potentially mutinous men, Margaret asked officials in Virginia for food and had her own cattle slaughtered in an effort to keep the soldiers fed while she struggled to settle Calvert's estate.

Compounding her problems was the fact that Calvert's account books had

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Margaret Brent, appointed by Lord Baltimore as his attorney, pleaded her case for suffrage before the assembly in 1648. (Maryland Historical Society.)

been destroyed during Ingle's invasion. To a great extent she had to depend upon the honor of those who had dealings with the dead governor in order to determine the estate's debtors and creditors. In addition, Brent quickly realized that Calvert's land and personal items were insufficient to pay all of his debts. Probably foreseeing this end, Calvert had pledged the proprietor's estate in Maryland to the Virginia mercenaries. Since Lord Baltimore was in England, the wealthy men of the province decided that Margaret Brent should act as the proprietor's attorney in order to protect as much of his property from creditors as was humanly possible. Needless to say, Brent spent much of her time in the years that followed in court as the deceased governor's and proprietor's agent. She became convinced that in order to fulfill her duties she ought to have a vote and voice in the Assembly. The delegates initially denied Margaret's request, but when the proprietor wrote an angry letter to the Assembly about Margaret having liquidated some of his provincial assets, the delegates enthusiastically recognized her importance to the community and praised her behavior. Moreover, they suggested to Lord Baltimore that he owed her a great deal of gratitude for

preserving the colony and mentioned specifically that the province was safer in Margaret Brent's hands than any man's.[3]

Clearly Margaret Brent was an extraordinary woman. She appeared in court as a lawyer, owned and profitably managed huge tracts of land, and with her financial wizardry helped save the fledgling province of Maryland from the wrath of angry mercenaries after the death of Leonard Calvert. We recognize that her wealth and high level of education, in addition to her kinship network, offered her opportunities that few women shared. Yet we might well wonder just how unusual her behavior was in seventeenth-century Maryland. At least in the available records, no other woman asked for the right to speak and vote in the Assembly. But, many other women engaged in the economic and civil worlds of business and law in colonial Maryland.

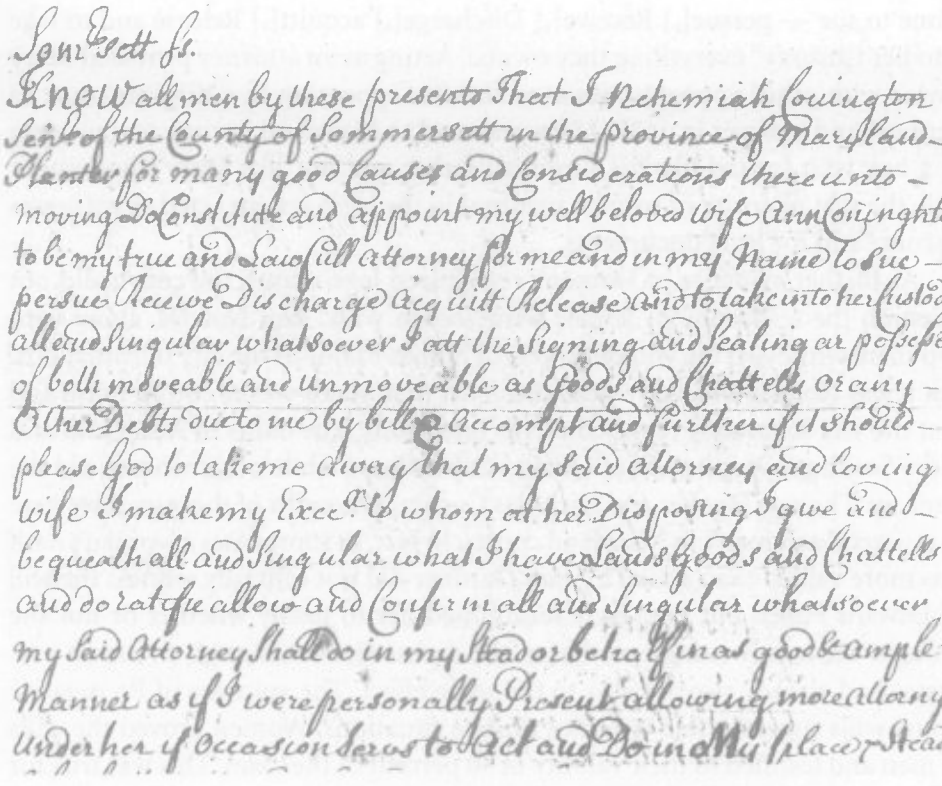
Historians Lois Green Carr and Lorena Walsh have suggested that throughout the seventeenth century females arriving in Maryland were primarily indentured servants between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. They came in search of work (and marriage) in a place where men far outnumbered women. Women worked in the tobacco fields for four or five years (depending upon their contracts) and then married. At a time when 70 percent of the immigrant men died before their fiftieth birthday, women probably faced worse prospects, as childbirth posed a particularly deadly risk. If a woman survived the birth of her first child, she might continue to have a baby every two years until menopause or death from smallpox, malaria, or any number of diseases. Unfortunately, one-quarter of the children would not live to see their first birthday, and approximately half would die before adulthood. While struggling with the day-to-day difficulties of child-rearing, illness, and death, ordinary women took an active role in the larger society.

One way to assess the extent to which women participated in the public sphere is to examine their presence in the legal system. After sampling roughly two thousand court cases, historian Mary Beth Norton noted that seventeenth-century white Maryland women, who composed less than one-third of the population, appeared as litigants or witnesses in about 19 percent of them.[4] As might be expected, a number of wealthy women, including Margaret Brent, often sued others or were defendants in property disputes. For example, Brent and Ann Smithson filed a joint suit against two "Irishmen" who owed them money. Brent and Smithson may not have gotten their money, but the "Irishmen" were banished from the province. In addition, wealthy women did not hesitate to sue other women, as did Margaret Brent when she demanded money from her colonial peer Mary Courtny.[5] Moreover, as might be expected, men also sued gentry women. There are numerous examples of other Maryland women involved in such cases.

Yet poor, widowed women such as Blanch Oliver Howell and married workingwomen like Mary Bradnox also sought justice in court. Blanch first appeared in the court records when her husband Roger Howell's throat was slit aboard a ship, allegedly by an Indian. Finding herself in a desperate financial situation after Roger's untimely death, Blanch sued three of his shipmates in an effort to reclaim her husband's shoes and clothing. This was not the poor widow's final appearance in court. A provincial judge later sentenced Blanch to stand in the pillory and have both her ears cut off as punishment for perjury in a separate case. Other poor women sued fellow colonists for unwarranted beatings, for stealing their livestock, or for non-payment of services, as in the case of Mary Bradnox. Bradnox sued the estate of William Cox for medical care delivered and not paid for prior to Cox's death. Burdened with a drunken husband who frequently appeared in court for his poor conduct, Mary Bradnox tirelessly took care of her own business and sought justice in court when her patients failed to pay her.[6]

Taking a complaint to court was costly and time-consuming. Court costs likely reduced the frequency of trivial lawsuits and the number of poor women who could participate. Still, the expense and effort proved lucrative for many litigants. But when plaintiffs did not satisfy the court as to the validity of their lawsuits, they had to reimburse the defendant. Consequently, Hannah Hine charged Joseph Harrison with trespassing on her property and claimed he also owed her nearly twenty-five hundred pounds of tobacco (legal tender) in exchange for items she had sold to him, including bacon, beef, and flour. Citing insufficient evidence, the court found for the defendant and ordered Hannah to pay Harrison 337 pounds of tobacco for the inconvenience of having to appear in court.[7] Poor women in particular, perhaps more so than women like Margaret Brent, must have thought long and hard before filing a complaint. Their presence in court documents, therefore, attests to their belief that the law entitled them to be heard, and they probably expected fair treatment.

In this commercial farming society, time was money. To compensate court appointees for time spent away from their plantations, plaintiffs initiating lawsuits paid roughly sixteen pounds of tobacco for clerk fees and thirty-one pounds for a secretary per day. Of course, sheriffs and jurors could be much more expensive; a sheriff's services might run as high as six hundred pounds of tobacco. Jurors were also compensated and documents suggest that at least two women might have been paid jurors. In the late 1690s, the court "Ordered that Ann Hooks," juror, be paid "one Hundred and twenty pounds of Tobacco of William Groome for four dayes attendance for ye said [defendant] Groome." When a day in court as a juror entitled a laborer to roughly twenty pounds of tobacco, Hooks's reimbursement of thirty pounds per day approximates her economic value to the community. In another case the court in Prince George's County



Nehemiah Covington appointed his wife, Ann, to be his attorney in this will dated 1681. (Maryland State Archives.)

ordered Susana Hatton be paid for attendance after being "subp[oen]a[ed] for Charles Tracoy ag[ains]t John Garrott and Ordered that Charles Tracoy pay ye Same at thirty p[oun]d of tobb[acco] for Each day." In this case, Hatton got paid at the same rate as the male jurors.[8]

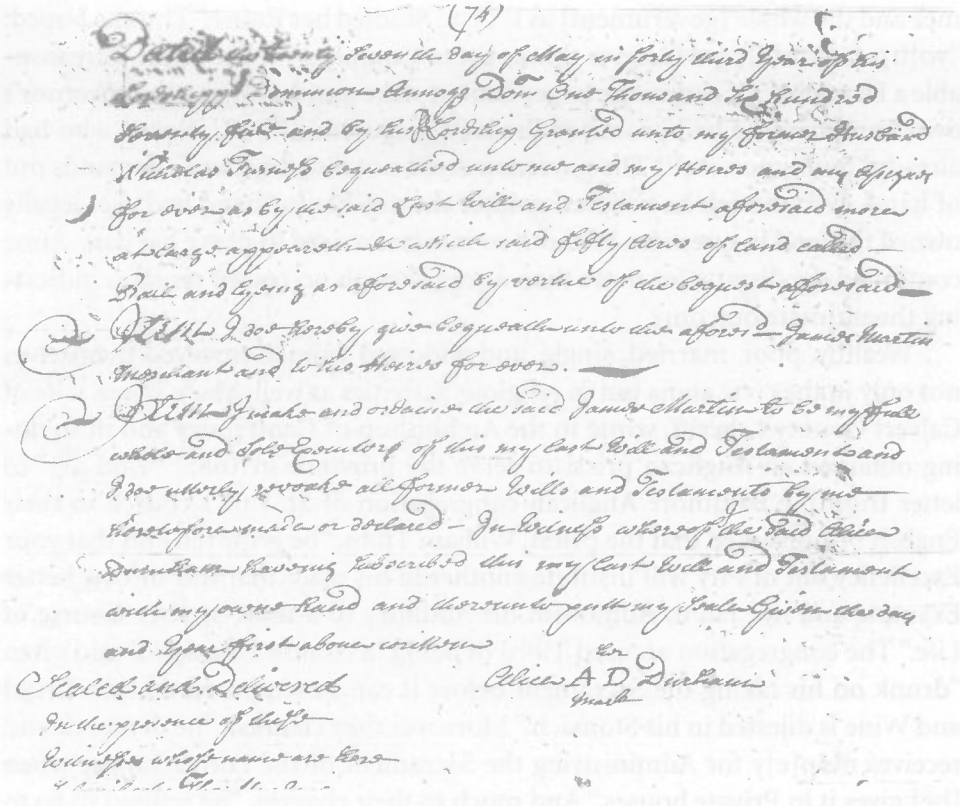
Certainly, female jurors were not the norm in Maryland, yet women often participated in civil matters in other capacities, namely as lawyers, witnesses, and court-appointed appraisers like Hope Taylor, who served as a joint appraiser for Roger O'Cane's estate in Somerset County in 1688. A few women, like Margaret Brent, practiced law in Maryland. She received close to fifty-five hundred pounds sterling for acting on the deceased governor's behalf.[9] Accordingly, this acceptance of women in court trickled down to other social strata as well. After all, husbands appointed their wives to act as their attorneys, as in the cases of Thomas Bradnox (the drunken husband of "doctor" Mary Bradnox) in 1660, and Quaker Nehemiah Coventon, who wrote, "for many good Causes and Considerations there unto — moving Do Constitute and appoint my well beloved wife Ann Covinghton to be my true and Lawfull attorney for me and in my

name to sue — persue[,] Receive[,] Discharge[,] acquitt[,] Release and to take into her Custody" everything they owned. Acting as an attorney provided Mary Taylor with other opportunities as well. After appearing in a Virginia court as her husband's lawyer in 1652, Mary returned to Maryland in time to give birth to a boy who looked like his Virginian father and not like Mary's husband.[10] Still, the vast majority of women involved in the legal system acted as witnesses in court and for legal documents.

As further evidence of women's recognized legal status, the courts did not question the testimony of female witnesses to wills. Ann Noades, along with two men, witnessed the will of surgeon Thomas Major of the city of Annapolis. But it was Noades who convinced the court that Major was of sound mind and that the will accurately represented his intentions. The oaths of Ann Quin and Mary Smith proved the will of Quaker Caleb Chew, while other women did the same for Thomas Hooker and Nicholas Corbin. The oaths of these women were as powerful as a man's in Maryland courts. In fact, in some cases a woman's oath was more valued than a man's. Mary Gardner did not officially witness the will of Edward Fuller, but the court summoned her to testify whether or not she thought the handwriting was that of the deceased, even though two male witnesses had already sworn oaths to the same effect. The volumes of Prerogative Court wills suggest these were not unique situations. Women proved the wills of men and testified to their validity in 30 percent of the cases. This was true for women who wrote wills, too. One out of every three women leaving a will used female witnesses. Moreover, female witnesses came from every strata of the society. A black servant of Timothy Goodridge, Joane Sangoe, witnessed and proved Goodridge's will freeing her five children when they turned thirty-one.[11]

Court records also tell a story of independent women who were held both financially and morally responsible for their actions. Courts levied fines on women as often as men for having bastard children. And the courts found women guilty of the mistreatment of men. Mary Veitch in 1697 "abused" the Constable of Leonard Creek. The court fined Mary four hundred pounds of tobacco for her violent behavior. In 1705, Richard Smith accused Ann Rousby of throwing him off the property he rented from her "with force and arms."[12] Ann pleaded innocent to the charges of "trespass and Ejectment," but the court ruled in favor of the plaintiff and demanded that she pay him 1,924 pounds of tobacco in addition to allowing him to resume his residency for the time remaining on his lease. The Maryland court system recognized the autonomy of women, or it would not have made them financially liable.

Women demanded their rights within Maryland's legal system and also in their quarrels with the proprietor himself. In letters from Governor Charles Calvert to Lord Baltimore we gain a glimpse into some of these disputes. The governor wrote, "Mr Willan is dead but I acquainted his wife about that w[hi]ch



After remarrying, some of Maryland's seventeenth-century women retained ownership of property that had belonged to their former husbands. (Maryland State Archives.)

y[ou]r Lo[rdshi]pp [has] writt[en] concerning a release he had sent for England & what shee will doe in't I can't tell as yett."[13] The Widow Willan was a force to contend with and a concern to both the governor and the proprietor. Yet, more explicit examples can be found. The governor offered Lord Baltimore his version of the dispute between the Widow Anne Foulke and the proprietor over a two-thousand-acre parcel in Maryland. The governor lamented, "I wish I were able to give your Lo[rdshi]pp such a Satisfactory account in this Business and of her Demands." Anne argued vehemently with the governor over the property that had reverted back to Lord Baltimore upon her husband's death. Convinced that the land was "never in her former husbands possession nor in hers," Governor Calvert told the widow that Lord Baltimore would allow her to keep approximately half the land if she stopped harassing him, but she refused the offer believing "the whole 2000 acres to be hers & her Childrens propper Right." The governor felt certain "notheinge will Satisfye her butt the whole 2000 Acres." His pride had been hurt by her tongue-lashings that had "sufficiently bespattered

mee and the whole [government] as If I had Studied her Ruine." Thus he hoped: "yo[u]r Lo[rdshi]pp will never thinke fitt to Comply with her in soe unreasonable a Demand." Of course the larger issue at stake may have been the governor's own honesty as he had promised the land in question to Mr. Rozer, who had already "built upon itt."[14] The governor could not dismiss Anne's demands out of hand, even though he believed neither she nor her husband had ever legally owned the land in question. Without so much as a deed to prove her case, Anne continued the dispute for more than a year, though no record remains indicating the ultimate outcome.

Wealthy, poor, married, single, and widowed women involved themselves not only in the civic arena but in religious activities as well. Mary Taney, wife of Calvert County's sheriff, wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury and in so doing obtained an Anglican priest to serve the province in 1685.[15] And a 1715 letter from the Baltimore Anglican congregation of St. Paul's church to their English bishop asked that the priest, William Tibbs, "be removed and that your Excellency out of Pity will Institute another in his place that will sh[o]w better Example and not fail to Admonish his Auditory to a more stricter Course of Life." The congregation accused Tibbs of being "a comon Drunkard" and often "drunk on his taking the Sacrament before it can be supposed that the bread and Wine is dijested in his Stomach." Moreover they claimed, "he demands and receives mon[e]y for Administring the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper when [he] gives it in Private houses." And much to their chagrin, "he refused to go to private houses to baptize Children that are Sick and not able to be brought to the Church without being paid for it."[16] The testimony against Tibbs rested largely on the accusations of two women, Mary Boone Merriman and Rebecca Colegate. Both strongly felt that a priest should primarily concern himself with the salvation of souls rather than fattening his purse. Obviously the vestrymen of the church assumed the testimony from these women would further their cause against this unpopular cleric.

The scarcity of priests and ministers strengthened the customary role of women as religious educators. The well-documented reliance on women ministers by the Quakers shows up in Maryland's colonial records, as in the 1682 letter from William Richardson, a prominent Quaker, to George Fox, English founder of the Society of Friends. Richardson applauds the missionary activities of five women.[17] As a matter of fact, it was a woman, Elizabeth Harris, who first brought Quakerism to Maryland in 1655. For others, religious education by women remained firmly fixed within the home. Gentleman Philemon Lloyd asked his Catholic wife Henrietta Maria to educate their children in the Anglican faith. He wrote, "I will yt my children be brought up in ye Protestant Religion and carryed to such church or churches where it is profest & to noe other dureing their minority & untill such years of discretion as may render them best

capable to Judge what is most consenant to ye good will of Almighty God unto w[hi]ch I pray God of his mercy direct them." Philemon knew his wife taught her Roman Catholic doctrine at home and wished to counter-balance this with an Anglican church experience for his children with the hopes that they might better choose a religion for themselves as they grew older. For families who shared a common religion, a husband often left a gentle reminder to his spouse emphasizing her essential role in the shaping of their children's lives. Catholic John Parsons asked his wife Mary "to maintaine and Educate my said Children bringing them up in the fear of God and the Holy Catholick Religion not at all doubting of her love to and tender care over them." This behavior was also followed by Anglican Thomas Stockett who wrote, "I Surely trust [my wife] will not neglect any Endeavour that shall be tending to [the children's] good both in Religious Education and for the advancement of their temporall ffortunes which I beseech the Lord of Heaven to give his assistance unto."[18]

Mothers often took the responsibility for their children's religious education, and they also provided or procured the fundamentals of reading, writing, and arithmetic—in the words of Thomas Phollett, "Sc[h]ooling of the whole head." Susannah Gerard Slye's husband asked that while their two daughters and two sons were small, she "take due Care that they be brought up in the true fear of God and Instructed in such Literature as may tend to their improvem[en]t both for their present and future good." George Prouse also called upon his wife to provide their daughters and sons with an education. This was so important that he encouraged his widow to "sell some of ye Land . . . toward the Chilldren's learning" if she ran short of funds. And Roman Catholic Joshua Doyne left detailed instructions to his second wife for his daughter and sons' upbringing. He wanted her to provide sufficient lodging, clothing, and food, and insisted "that they be kept and Taught & instructed in such Learning as shalbe necessary and Requisite for them according to their Degrees and Quallity's." He added that the children should "be Educated and Instructed in the Roman Catholique faith w[hi]ch I profess and dye in and that they be Taught educated & Nurtured therein and furnished with all necessarys & conveniences to Frequent Goeing to Chappells and Places of Divine Service." Typical of many colonists Doyne left the choice of a trade largely to the discretion of his children. He wrote, "if any of my children shalbe Inclineable or Desireous, to attaine or Learne any Trade or Calling that may be fit or becomeing their Degree," then with his widow's permission and assistance, they should be educated in a particular profession. These examples seem to indicate a high rate of literacy in the province, a dependence upon women to achieve it, and a general acceptance of education—for males and females alike—as an important component of Maryland society both for religious and economic purposes.[19]

Nonetheless, while testators frequently sought an education for both their

daughters and sons as in the examples above, they did not necessarily seek equivalent educational experiences for girls and boys. John Hambleton directed "my loveing wife to be carefull and Tender of my Dear boy and girle to bring them up in the fear of God and to give them such schooling as the boy may be brought to any country she sees fit to send him to and my girl also that she read and write." Because of the cost, distance, and danger involved, only the wealthy, like Hambleton, chose to send their sons to Europe for an education. More commonly, men who distinguished between the education of their daughters and sons followed the pattern exhibited by Catholic John Bowling. Though he himself could not write, Bowling asked his wife to make sure his son had four years of formal education while his daughter received only two. If a man no longer had a wife, he frequently assigned the management of a child's education to another woman. Widowers might impose upon a grown daughter to see to the education of minor children. For example, Quaker John Jadwin of Talbot County asked his daughter Elizabeth Jenkinson to care for her younger sister and brother "and to keep them to schooling to write and read and my Son Thomas Jadwin to Cifering." Gentleman John Ewings, after his wife deserted him and their daughter Dorcas, insisted that Dorcas, "Remain under ye Managem[en]t and Education of Mrs Ann Wristhesley for the ye Space of two Years."[20]

Women shared their husbands' concerns about the education of children. When widows left wills providing for young children (as did Barbara Deverge and Deborah Davis) they often expressed their strong desire for the children's education. Deverge asked her grown son, daughter, and son-in-law to provide an education for their younger half-brothers and sisters. Widow Deborah Davis left a will indicating that her six-year-old daughter be placed in the custody of Reverend William Hampton until the girl reached the age of seventeen. Deborah stipulated that Madam Hampton "shall teach or cause her to be taught to read the holy Bible & do what other kindness to my daughter she shall see fitt and in case of mortality to dispose of her as she pleases." Poor women like Hannah Hine also wanted their daughters to be educated. As a means to that end Hannah bound her six-year-old daughter Mary "to Serve Bartholomew Goff till Sixteen years of age." In exchange for the child's labor, Goff must "cause the child to be learnt to read and to sew plaine works and to give her at ye Expiration of her time two suits of apparrell and other necessarys belonging to womans wareing aparrell."[21]

Colonial children received at least a rudimentary education from mothers and then generally at age twelve or thirteen they attended a school for one to four years of formal education; occasionally this was provided by female teachers. Girls in Maryland learned to read and possibly to write, for they could expect to own land when they married or turned sixteen. Surgeon Thomas Anderson left his wife instructions for the education of their only child, Sarah, who

stood to inherit more than 350 acres of land. Their daughter was "to be brought up in the feare of the Lord & Educated in the Protestant Reli[gion] According to the Church of England & also that she be taught to reade write makeing Playne work [sewing] And also in the best nature that may be by keeping her att such School or Schools as are most proper for her attaining thereof, According to her quality."[22]

The level of an individual's education was clearly connected to class. Aware of the benefits of an education for their future, presumably for both religious and financial purposes, struggling planters sought some education for their children. William Chisum only mentioned livestock and personal belongings in his will, yet this illiterate man wanted his three daughters to have an education. Literacy in the province was not the private domain of the elite; the poor of Maryland could read. James Rigbie left his priest fifty acres that his wife had bequeathed to him when she died, along with money to establish a library. Assuming that his poor neighbors could read, he requested that "twenty pounds Sterling . . . be laid out for good and Godly Books . . . to be keept at a Church Liberary chiefly for the use of the Poor."[23]

In part, women's active participation in the economic realm as commercial planters reflects a practical necessity of colonial life: the need to go on in the face of seventeenth-century Maryland's high mortality rates. When a husband died and his children were too young to manage a plantation, who else could take over? Yet, wealthy English Catholic families had traditionally accepted women in business and legal pursuits. As expected, the Calvert papers deal with the governance of the province and frequently refer to gentry women as business associates. Consequently, when Governor Leonard Calvert wrote to his business partner, Sir Richard Lechford in 1634, regarding the fur trade, Calvert asked, "when you deliver unto Mrs Constant Wells her 16th part of the beaver [pelts], pray give her likewise these bills of Charges, and desire of her, her 16th part of the supply, all w[hi]ch thinges I will acquaint her with."[24] Such references to women in business affairs were commonplace.

It might be assumed that husbands and wives entered into these financial ventures as partners or that husbands made all the investment decisions themselves, yet the evidence suggests that married partners often sought profits in separate enterprises. Lord Baltimore wrote to his brother, Governor Leonard Calvert, in 1642 about the affairs of the province and family news, including a comment about his own wife's investments. "My wife sent an Adventure by Mr Robert Evelin the last yeare, to be putt off in Virginea for her, at the best advantage he could, of which he hath by his letters this yeare faithfully promised to send the next yeare to her, a good returne, and a just account thereof." Not limiting themselves to commercial independence, gentry women, like Lord Baltimore's sister Ann Peaseley, involved themselves in political and religious

matters as well. Assuming a woman had influence over male relatives, Jesuits enlisted Ann Peaseley's support in an effort to change the mind of Lord Baltimore concerning his decision to stop the flow of Jesuits into Maryland after they had acquired large tracts of land directly from the Indians. This exchange of letters indicates that Baltimore did not merely allow his sister to debate such an important issue. Rather, all parties concerned assumed Ann's right to question her brother's judgement regarding his politics and religious obligations. Moreover, Baltimore revealed his genuine distress over his sister's displeasure with respect to the Jesuit situation in Maryland, and the evidence suggests that he changed his mind.[25]

Gentry males treated women of property with respect whether they were family members or business acquaintances. The gentry extended this acceptance to Maryland women in both the political and business worlds. While women did not hold any political offices in Maryland, Verlinda Stone played a key role in provincial politics, corresponding with Lord Baltimore and informing him of the desperate situation in the province when her husband, the governor, was taken prisoner by the Puritan rebels in 1655. Yet the most persuasive evidence relates to the economic sphere. Businesswomen appear in the Watkins family ledger of 1704, in which Mr. Watkins contracted with Mary Boyce on several occasions to sell him rum and wheat. Additionally, Susan Cox transacted business with Watkins independent of her husband Edward Cox, another business associate of Watkins. Women also ran maritime ventures. Profit-motivated ferry operators included Mrs. Fenwick and the Widow Beasley. Others, such as Madame Digges, Madame Hariman, Madame King, Rebecca Lowe, and Elizabeth Talbot, owned large commercial sloops used to transport goods and tobacco.[26] And Thomas Ingram left to his wife, Mary Vaughan Ingram, rather than to their son, a sixteen-foot "Boate" with the following instructions when the "first Westerly wind" blew:

> the [servants are] to Load the Boate at the back Landing with five Cask's of [cider] . . . to deliver at Mr. Heads Plantacon takeing a Receipt for so many Caskes, Likewise if Mr. Keele should come for to Deliver six Caskes of [cider] to him takeing a Receipt for so many Casks . . . [and] if he be wanting of a boate yow may Lett him have mine provided he Engage to return her with Expedition but no [servants] there so Leaving all other things to yo[ur] Discrecon the Lord protect us all and give us a Peaceable happy Meeting as I am your truly Loveing Husband.[27]

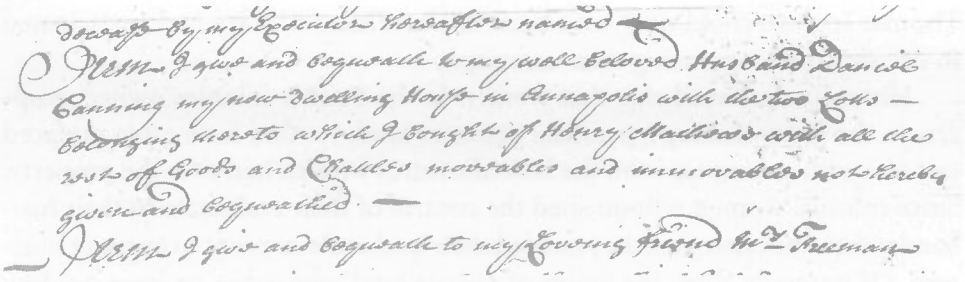
When a husband left "all other things" to his widow's "Discrecon" he assumed she had the expertise to carry on the family's various business transactions.

Thomas Ingram could only have been this confident if Mary had participated in decision-making during their marriage.

Historians acknowledge that women in the British colonies owned property in the form of sloops, personal items, or land, yet they have often prefaced this fact with an emphasis on the lack of control women had over the property. Since colonial women relinquished the control of their real estate to their husbands when they married, they needed their husbands' consent to transact business. Of necessity then, the realm of female land ownership or lease-holding belonged only to women who were either single or widowed. This supposed truism has been applied to Maryland between 1634 and 1713—for example in the case of Margaret Brent, who never married, as well as such widows as Joane Rawlings, who sold a tract of land in 1652. Rawlings's agreement reads, "I Joane Rawlings wife to the late deceased Anthony Rawlings doe freely assigne and turne over my full right and title of this said Patent unto Thomas Simmons and Michaell Crauley to them their heires Execrs Admrs & Assignes forever."[28] This prevailing attitude toward widows' rights so inflamed Jesuit priest Thomas Copley that he advised Lord Baltimore to have the Assembly consider an act requiring women to remarry within seven years or risk losing their property. But, contrarily, and perhaps as an indication that some in society thought otherwise, the Maryland Assembly never limited a widow's right to hold property nor infringed upon her personal choice regarding marriage.

Male testators left their wives large tracts of land for the duration of their lives and occasionally in freehold to dispose of "at her will and pleasure."[29] Still, it seems unlikely that these women waited until their husbands died and then, during a period of emotional turmoil, managed to pull themselves together and efficiently run their estates. A more reasonable assumption might be that women controlled their own property as married women. And in fact Maryland wives, in addition to raising large families, managed rental property and their own real estate with surprising frequency.

The Carroll family ledger of St. Clement's Manor names female lease-holders representing at least one-quarter of the individuals mentioned. Of these eighteen women the marital status of a few can be identified readily: one was listed with her husband, three widows appear, one madam (either a married woman or a widow), and one maiden (single girl). Upon further investigation, other women such as Elizabeth Blakiston and Elizabeth Jordan turn out to have been married women renting real estate, presumably without their husbands' assistance. Last wills and testaments provide additional evidence that married women, like Elizabeth Devege and Elizabeth Cannin, managed their own estates. Elizabeth Devege wrote a will in 1694 leaving her land and personal possessions to her husband John. In yet another case, Elizabeth Cannin, a well-educated woman of Talbot County, left her husband "Daniel Canning my now dwelling House in



Elizabeth Cannin bought property and held it in her own name. She bequeathed the house and lots in Annapolis to her husband. (Maryland State Archives.)

Annapolis with the two Lotts belonging there to which I bought of Henry Mathews with all the rest of Goods and Chattles moveables and immovables not herby given and bequeathed." These women ran their estates while married and then decided what to do with their property when they were on their deathbeds.[30]

While English law entitled a husband to assume control of his wife's personal property when they married and her real estate after the birth of their first child, it is not altogether clear that men did, in fact, control their wives' property to a great extent in Maryland. After all, James Collier left his daughter four hundred acres of land which had been "my father Robt colliers Dwelling Plantacon Provided yt of my father in Law George Betts Doth Give & Confirm unto my Son George Betts Collier this Plantation I now live one upon." Instead of agreeing to James's terms, George Betts left his daughter Mary the three-hundred-acre plantation she and James lived on. Betts stipulated that if Mary chose not to dispose of the land during her lifetime he desired the land to fall to his eldest daughter and her husband John Erving. Betts never intended his son-in-law, James Collier, to possess the land James worked and lived on, and he never did. Moreover, husbands deeded their wives land during marriage, as in the case of William Dorrington of Dorchester County, who previously gave his wife Elizabeth "and the heires of her boddy" one thousand acres in a "Deed of Guift." A wife's land was not naturally assumed to be a husband's to bequeath, as is proven by Elizabeth Higham Banes's experience. Francis Higham bequeathed everything he owned to his wife Elizabeth, including more than 150 acres of land. Elizabeth later married Christopher Banes, a man who had four children by a previous marriage. When Banes died he disbursed his large estate among his two daughters and two sons; this did not include any of Elizabeth's property inherited from her first husband.[31]

Quaker Alice Furniss Durham explicitly tells us that she remained in control of her deceased first husband's estate during her second marriage and assumed that she had the right to divest the land in a will drawn up many months before she died. Without her husband's written consent she wrote,

> by virtue of a bequest made to me of fifty Acres of Land more or less . . . by my former Husband Nicholas ffurnass as by his last will and Testament . . . which s[ai]d Land at this time remains unallienated and made over to any person or persons whatsoever but still remaines in my owne right and possession as an Estate of Inheritance in fee Simple do make this my last will and Testament . . . and as touching the distribution of what Estate I have by Law to dispose of I dispose the Same as followeth.[32]

Alice gave her good friend James Martin the fifty acres that had been given to her first husband by Lord Baltimore and "bequeathed unto me and my Heires and my assignes for ever." Alice, her husband Richard Durham, Martin, and the two women and three men who witnessed her signature believed she owned the property and had the legal authority to dispose of it as she saw fit.

Married women's ability to hold and control property in Maryland reveals five significant facts. First, the ownership of separate estates by men and women often had a practical aspect. In an effort to stave off creditors, Doctor Bartholomew Pigott emphasized his wife's separate estate in his will. "I willeth that my dear wife Honor Piggott . . . to have all that they brought with her from Virginia for it is hers & none of my Estate."[33] By differentiating between the property his wife owned and what belonged to him, Pigott ensured that creditors could not claim his wife's estate to settle his debts. Thus, the family's strategy preserved Honor's estate so she could continue to support her family when Bartholomew died.

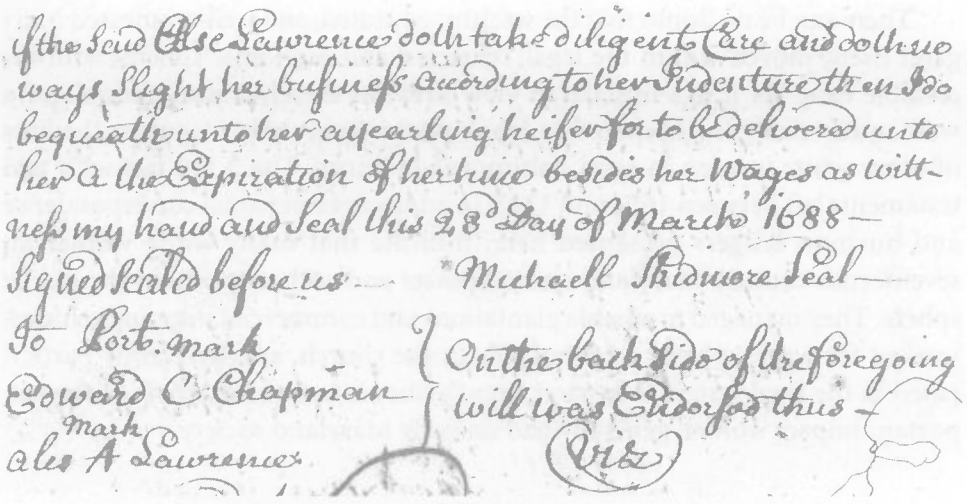
Second, wives held real estate and personal possessions separate from their husbands. Bachelor William Williamson left half of his estate to Captain Henry Aspinall and the other half went to Aspinall's wife, Mary. If indeed husbands legally controlled their wives' property, a dying man would have been wasting precious paper and ink in dividing his estate between a friend and his wife. Third, while many husbands and wives considered their property separate, this was not a universal idea. Wealthy Colonel John Courts specifically left his daughter Charity three sizable tracts of land when he died. Yet, Bayne Smallwood, Charity's husband, assumed the property belonged to him. He wrote, "I give and bequeath unto my wife Charity Smallwood all that come by her father Col John Courts which by all rights is mine and do relinquish all my Right title and Interest of the same." Similarly, Catholic George Lingan gave his married daughters large tracts of land. Lingan left daughter Katherine five hundred acres in Prince George's County called "Lingams Adventure" in addition to the two hundred acres called "Buttinton" that had been given to her when she married Henry Boteler. Yet when Henry Boteler wrote his will, he clearly thought he owned Katherine's land. He wrote, "I give unto my Dear and Loving son Edward Boteler

and to his heirs for ever all that part of a tract of Land lying in Baltimore County willed to me by mr George Lingam deceased Called Lingams Adventure Containing by Estimation five hundred Acres." Regardless of George Lingan's intentions, his son-in-law controlled the land he had given to his daughter.[34]

Fourth, married women ran their own estates—with noted exceptions—and often leased their property to minimize their day-to-day involvement. These landladies frequently show up in Marylanders' last wills and testaments. Catholic Robert Lee bequeathed his landlady, the wealthy Mrs. Vansweringen, a horse while forgiving her husband "the debt he owes me being about two thousand pound of Tobacco." A woman's ability to manage her own affairs did not mean the wife used the rent money for her own enjoyment. More than likely, family wealth was shared, though it is not inconceivable that a woman purchased more land or other property with her rental profits. The extent to which husbands and wives separated their estates during marriage is found in the case of Richard Chambers's deathbed experience. In payment for nursing care and room and board during his illness, Chambers left three pounds sterling to his landlady Hannah Billingsley and five shillings each to the servants belonging to her husband, Thomas Billingsley. Chambers never referred to Thomas as a landlord, and the servants clearly did not belong to Hannah.[35]

Hannah Billingsley's capability as a nurse points to the fifth and final point concerning a woman's right to hold and control property. Women worked for wages, and they, not their husbands, were entitled to payment for the services rendered. During these years of high mortality rates, married, single, and widowed women like Rebecca Lanthan, Anne Parcall, and Mary Scott, to name just a few, practiced some form of nursing or "doctoring" for profit. Catholic Jacobus Seth paid his married nurse, Margaritt Robinson, one thousand pounds of tobacco for "tending on my sickness & for ordering of my Buriall." At a time when cash was hard to come by, many barter transactions for services appeared. Thomas Cornewell left Margarett Turner "in considercon of her Extraordinary trouble and care of me in Severall ffitts of Sickness I give one brass Kettle" in addition to some blankets, pewter plates, and a gold ring. Occasionally, female "doctors" had to sue for payment of services rendered, as in the case of Mary Bradnox already cited. Women also practiced midwifery and sometimes dispensed medicine. Midwife Rose Smith testified in court as a medical expert in a case involving alleged infanticide. Dr. Richard Adams fully expected his wife, Mary, to continue the family pharmaceutical business. He wrote, "I give & bequeath unto my loveing & Dear wife Mary . . . all ye medicines[,] gallipotts & glasses."[36]

We see that women supported themselves or contributed to the family's savings as teachers, commercial shippers, landladies, nurses, doctors, and apothecaries, but they labored at other occupations as well. Men frequently paid mar-



Indentured servant Else Lawrence received a yearling heifer as a reward for good service to Michael Skidmore. (Maryland State Archives.)

ried women to keep house for them, as in the case of Sarah Reynolds, who was more than compensated for her devoted service when she inherited most of Henry Robbinson's estate in 1684. Sarah had no trouble finding outside work as men often needed housekeepers as substitute mothers and wives. Some women sought part-time work as seamstresses and laundresses that interfered less with their own family obligations. We find John Nevill's wife suing Ellis Beach for the eighty-six pounds of tobacco that he owed her for "washing of the linnen."[37]

The vast majority of women (and men) began their Maryland working lives as indentured servants, toiling in the fields, curing tobacco, repairing fences, caring for livestock, preparing food, sewing and washing clothes. If they remained healthy, diligent servants could complete their contracts and strike out on their own. Michaell Skidmore desired that if his servant, "doth take diligent care and doth no ways slight her business according to her [contract] then I do bequeath unto her a yearling heifer" in addition to her wages when her servitude was complete. During the early years of the province, indentured servants received the "Custome of the Cuntry for servants wages," often referred to as freedom dues. In 1647 the dues consisted of one cap, one new suit of clothes, one shirt, one pair of shoes and stockings, an axe, two hoes, fifty acres of land, and three barrels of corn. Freedom dues often enabled servants to establish themselves as planters when their contracted time of servitude expired. This custom applied to women and men. For example, Thomas Greene owed freedom dues to Hannah Mathewes including fifty acres and one year's supply of food. This custom changed over time as land became more valuable and thus women were not as likely as men to receive land or tools.[38]

There can be no doubt that the wealthy, educated, and well-connected Margaret Brent moved within the legal, religious, and economic spheres with incredible ease. Yet it is a mistake to view Brent as merely a rare example of a woman exercising legal power in a man's world. Brent only magnifies the lives of other white women in Lord Baltimore's province. The 3,190 last wills and testaments left between 1634 and 1713, in addition to personal correspondence and business ledgers presented here, indicate that many white women in seventeenth-century Maryland exerted power and authority within the public sphere. They managed profitable plantations and commercial shipping vehicles, worked for wages, played a central role in the church, and frequently participated in the legal system. Margaret Brent's story is but one example of the important impact women generally had on early Maryland society.

NOTES

An overview of some of the most significant work on colonial Maryland includes Lois Green Carr, Philip Morgan, and Jean B. Russo, eds., *Colonial Chesapeake Society* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1988) and Thad Tate and David Ammerman, eds., *The Chesapeake in the 17th Century: Essays in Anglo-American Society* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1979). For additional demographic information, consult Lorena Walsh and Russell R. Menard, "Death in the Chesapeake: Two Life Tables for Men in Early Colonial Maryland," *Maryland Historical Magazine* (hereinafter cited *MdHM*), 69 (1974): 211–27 and Lorena Walsh and Lois Carr, "The Planter's Wife: The Experiences of White Women in 17th-Century Maryland," *William and Mary Quarterly,* 34 (1977): 542–71.

1. "Land Notes," *MdHM,* 5 (1910): 365–74.
2. William Hand Browne, ed., *Archives of Maryland,* 73 vols. (Baltimore: Maryland Historical Society, 1883–), 1:215.
3. Ibid., 1:215–17.
4. Mary Beth Norton, "Gender and Defamation in Seventeenth-Century Maryland," *William and Mary Quarterly,* 44 (1987): 5.
5. Browne, *Archives of Maryland,* 4: 67, 226.
6. Prince George's County Court Record, 1697–99, MSA: 221, Maryland State Archives (hereinafter cited MSA); Browne, *Archives,* 4: 209, 445, 446. Here, as throughout this article, the grammatical and spelling peculiarities in the documents are standardized only if the meaning is unclear.
7. Prince George's County Court Record, 1697–99: 368, MSA.
8. Ibid., 221; Browne, *Archives,* 4: 447, 456.
9. Prerogative Court Wills (hereinafter cited Wills) 6:26; Browne, *Archives,* 388–89.
10. Wills: 2:152–53; Browne, *Archives* 10: 280–90.
11. Ibid., 13:615, 6:118, 4:29, 7:297, 6:226–27, 4:134.
12. Henry Fenwick Thompson Papers, MS 819 box 3, Maryland Historical Society (hereinafter cited MHS).
13. "The Calvert Papers #1," Fund Publication, no. 28 (Baltimore: Maryland Historical So-

ciety, 1886), 242. Until 1689 lands regularly reverted back to Lord Baltimore for non-payment of rent, lack of legitimate heirs after the death of the landholder, or numerous other reasons.
14. Ibid., 258–59, 299–300.
15. Edward Neill, *The Founders of Maryland as Portrayed in Manuscripts, Provincial Records, and Early Documents* (Albany: Joel Munsell, 1876), 160–63.
16. Miscellaneous Colonial Collection, MS 2018, MHS.
17. Ibid.
18. Wills, 4:187, 317, 1:432.
19. Ibid., 2:25, 13:212, 1:424–25, 7:271, 6:171–72.
20. Ibid., 13:13, 12:139, 12:243–44.
21. Ibid., 12:176, 13:528; Joseph Smith and Philip Crowl, eds., *Court Records of Prince George's County, Maryland, 1696–1699* (Washington, D.C.: The American Historical Association, 1964), 343.
22. Wills, 6.2:6.
23. Ibid., 7:355; 11:12.
24. "The Calvert Papers #3," Fund Publication no. 35 (MHS), 24.
25. Ibid., 28: 214; "Maryland Province Archives," box 3, folder 4, Georgetown University Special Collections.
26. Clayton Hall, ed., *Narratives of Early Maryland: 1634–1684* (New York: Scribner & Sons, 1910), 265–67; Watkins Record Book, MS 880, MHS; Anna Sioussant, "Colonial Women of Maryland," *MdHM,* 2 (1907):222; Henry Fenwick Thompson Papers, MS 819 box 3, MHS; Wills, 11:117, 6:14.
27. Wills, 1:407–8.
28. "Land Notes," *MdHM,* 7 (1912): 314; "The Calvert Papers #1," 165.
29. Wills, 4:249.
30. Carroll Collection, MS 4383, MHS; Wills, 11:145, 7:22.
31. Wills, 12.2:90, 13:381, 7:291, 7:107, 207.
32. Ibid., 11:72–74.
33. Ibid., 4:144.
34. Ibid., 5:159, 12:208, 13:595.
35. Ibid., 4:280; the word "landlady" had two meanings according to the *Oxford English Dictionary:* a woman who rented land to tenants or an inn hostess; Wills, 11:75.
36. Ibid., 6:125, 2:254, 7:255; Browne, *Archives*, 10: 464–65, 457, 488, 4:223.
37. Wills, 4:105.
38. Ibid., 2:295; Browne, *Archives*, 4: 361, 464.


FIVE
(MARYLAND)
FARMERS MERCHANTS BANK
MARYLAND
FIVE DOLLARS
ELKTON
OFFICE, No. 4 North Charles street.
Baltimore Savings Institution,
PAY THE BEARER
TWELVE AND A HALF CENTS,
IN CURRENT NOTES.
TWELVE
VALLEY BANK
TEN DOLLARS
SAVINGS BANK
ONE DOLLAR
ONE
O-N-E
50

Portfolio

"Unusual Endorsements": Paper Money in Maryland During The Nineteenth Century

DENWOOD KELLY

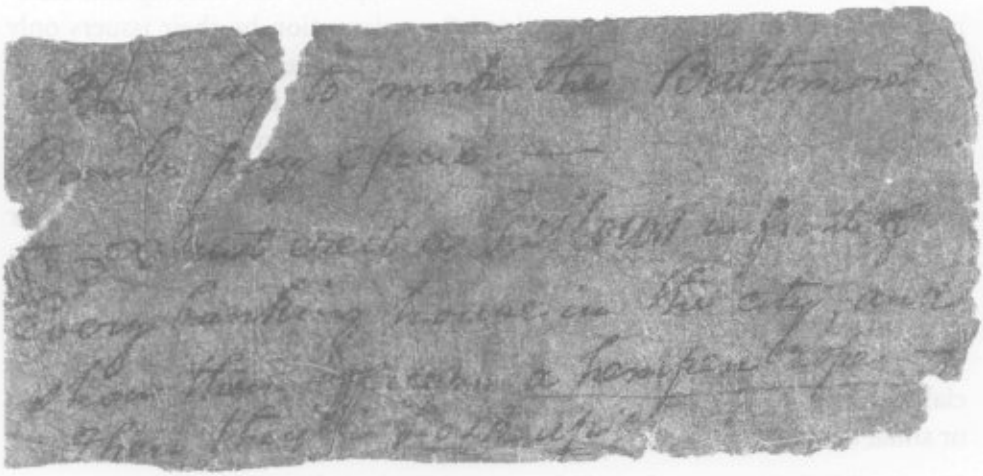
The way to make the Baltimore Bankers pay specie," one disgruntled bearer wrote on the back of an unredeemed twenty-five cent bank note some time around 1840: "You just erect a gallows in front of every banking house in this city, and show their officers *a hempen rope* — then they will fork up."

The panic and depression of 1837–1841 were among the most severe in the history of the United States, rivaling even the Great Depression of the 1930s in the amount of misery caused for the general population of the entire country. Maryland was no exception, as a number of its banks suspended the payment of specie in exchange for bank notes in mid-May 1837, following the lead of banks in New York, Philadelphia, and other major cities, which had made similar suspensions following the collapse of a number of English banking houses. The hoarding of coins of all denominations and metals began promptly and had an increasingly detrimental effect on the general economy because of the difficulty of conducting day-to-day business without the availability of an adequate supply of small change.

To fill the void, many forms of printed paper money came into circulation throughout Maryland and most other states. Typically the redemption statement on such notes and scrip provided for redemption by their issuers only when the notes were submitted in increments of at least five dollars or more, and even then might be exchanged for notes of other issuers! Much of this paper was issued by so-called "savings institutions," or "savings funds," whose proprietors were quickly dubbed "shinplaster bankers" by the local press and the general public, as such notes themselves had been called "shinplasters" for years. The term derived from the small paper plasters saturated with tar, vinegar, and other compounds commonly applied to sore shins. The slang term had come into use as early as the latter part of the Federal period to describe any unsecured or inadequately secured paper money, especially notes greatly depreciated from their face value. The term was quickly applied to notes of small size or small face value as well.

Denwood Kelly is a co-author of Money and Banking in Maryland.

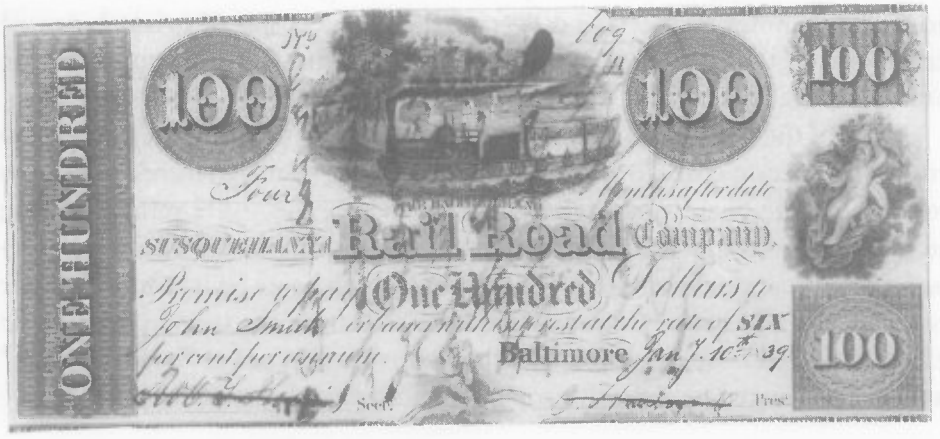
The reverse of a badly worn twenty-five cent note issued by the Exchange Office of John Clark, April 20, 1840, bears the solution to the entire financial problem of banks' refusal to redeem notes in specie—"erect a gallows in front of every banking house and show their officers a hempen rope—then they will fork up."

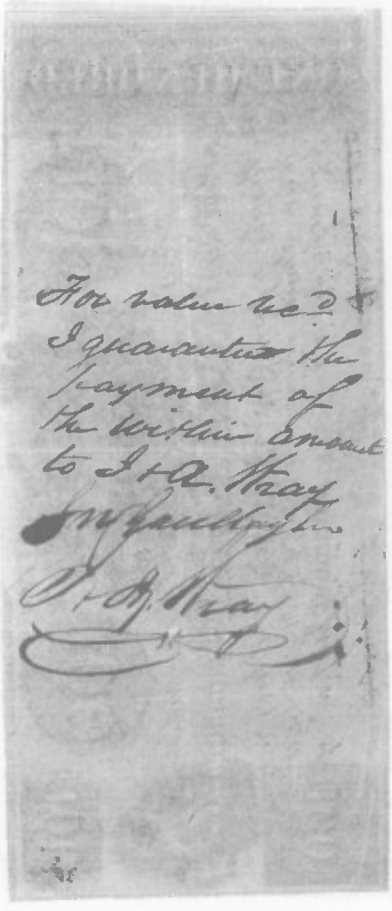


All of the Baltimore newspapers, as well as most of those in the other cities and towns of Maryland consistently editorialized against the banks' refusals to redeem their notes in specie and decried the proliferation of privately issued scrip. Some of their criticism was vitriolic in tone, and few opportunities were lost to criticize those under scrutiny.

Many of the notes in circulation were printed only on one side, probably to reduce production cost. The blank backs sometimes bear signatures of persons from whom the owners had received them, in case they were refused during circulation. Less frequently they may be found bearing printed business advertisements. Occasionally a note is encountered which bears on its back the bitter comment of an unhappy former owner, who was unable to redeem the note or otherwise found it unacceptable by others. It is these types of "endorsements" that have fascinated us. A few examples are illustrated herewith.

Baltimore Savings Institution 12-1/2 cent note bearing on its back the bitter statement of a disgruntled holder: "Stopt pay Sep 9 1840 Presd ran away." The runaway president was Frederick H. Knapp, who issued thousands of small change notes before his final day of activity. He was traced to Albany where he was arrested and returned to Baltimore to stand trial. Freed on bail, his ultimate fate is unknown.



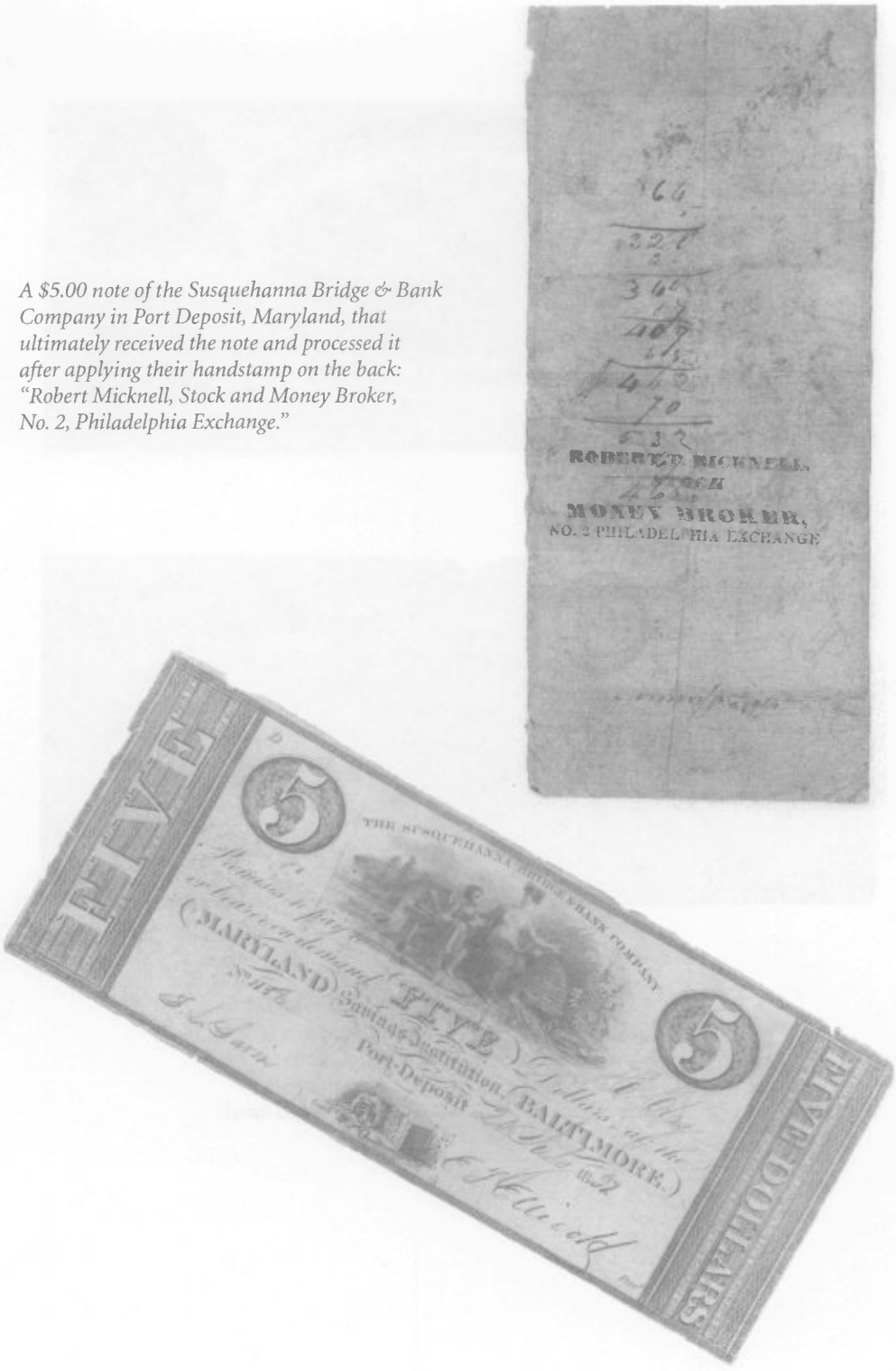


The handsome interest-bearing notes of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad Company were actively traded from about 1828 to 1840, when the railroad began to experience financial problems that ultimately led to a succession of mergers and, finally, to a takeover by the Pennsylvania Railroad system. The lengthy manuscript endorsement on the back of this note is typical, reflecting the public's concern with the road's financial safety.

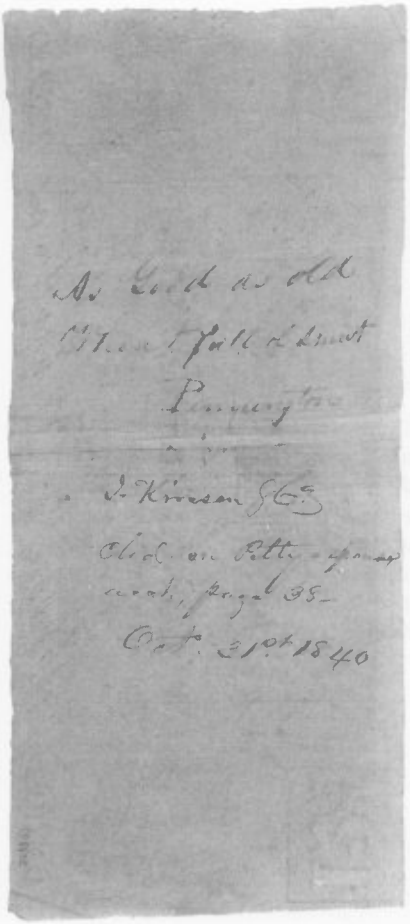
This $5 note of the Susquehana Bridge & Bank company is hand-stamped with a floreate oval on the back, advertising "William D. Wilson Dry Goods Store, 13 Balto. St."

Chartered in March 1856, the American Bank in Baltimore closed in 1858, was revived in the early 1860s, and finally closed about 1863. This particular note's ultimate owner printed an advertisement on the back to buy magic lanterns, slides, and toy lanterns for children.

A $5.00 note of the Farmers & Merchants Bank in Elkton, Cecil County, spent in Baltimore in 1866, where the millinery store at 306 Light Street applied its oval handstamp on the note's back to gain free advertising when the note changed hands again.



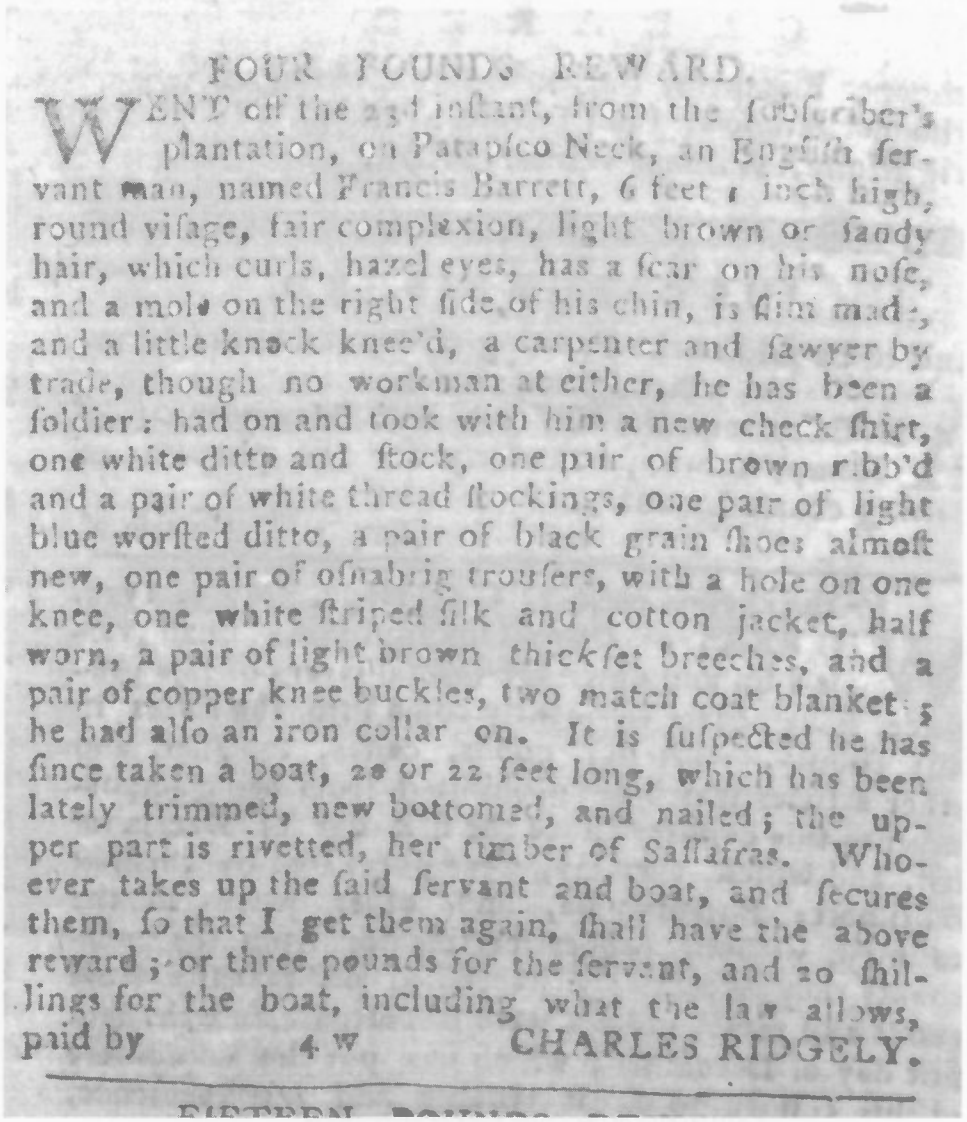
A $5.00 note of the Susquehanna Bridge & Bank Company in Port Deposit, Maryland, that ultimately received the note and processed it after applying their handstamp on the back: "Robert Micknell, Stock and Money Broker, No. 2, Philadelphia Exchange."



Patapsco Savings Fund 12-1/2 cent note, endorsed: "As Good as old Thomas Full of Smut Pennington," followed by "Chgd on Petty cash fund, page 38."

This $1.00 note, 1862, was issued by the Somerset and Worcester Savings Bank of Salisbury, Maryland, with an oval handstamp on the back urging the owner to "Subscribe to American Bank Note Reporter 12 Wall St, NY." The banknote was probably worthless as the bank had failed, and the advertiser had gotten a number of the notes to stamp with his advertisement.

A $10.00 note of the Valley Bank of Maryland in Hagerstown. The note was ultimately spent in Watertown, Wisconsin, where Moak & Peabody, dealers in fancy and staple dry goods, applied their handstamp in order to receive some free publicity when the note continued in circulation.



FOUR POUNDS REWARD.

WENT off the 23d inſtant, from the ſubſcriber's plantation, on Patapſco Neck, an Engliſh ſervant man, named Francis Barrett, 6 feet 1 inch high, round viſage, fair complexion, light brown or ſandy hair, which curls, hazel eyes, has a ſcar on his noſe, and a mole on the right ſide of his chin, is ſtut made, and a little knock knee'd, a carpenter and ſawyer by trade, though no workman at either, he has been a ſoldier: had on and took with him a new check ſhirt, one white ditto and ſtock, one pair of brown ribb'd and a pair of white thread ſtockings, one pair of light blue worſted ditto, a pair of black grain ſhoes almoſt new, one pair of oſnabrig trouſers, with a hole on one knee, one white ſtriped ſilk and cotton jacket, half worn, a pair of light brown thickſet breeches, and a pair of copper knee buckles, two match coat blankets; he had alſo an iron collar on. It is ſuſpected he has ſince taken a boat, 20 or 22 feet long, which has been lately trimmed, new bottomed, and nailed; the upper part is rivetted, her timber of Saſſafras. Whoever takes up the ſaid ſervant and boat, and ſecures them, ſo that I get them again, ſhall have the above reward; or three pounds for the ſervant, and 20 ſhillings for the boat, including what the law allows, paid by 4 w CHARLES RIDGELY.

FIFTEEN POUNDS REW

Advertisements offering rewards for the return of runaway servants appeared frequently in Maryland's newspapers. In this one from the Maryland Gazette, *July 13, 1775, Charles Ridgely sought the return of Francis Barrett, "an English servant man." (Maryland Historical Society.)*

Almost Chattel: The Lives of Indentured Servants at Hampton-Northampton, Baltimore County

R. KENT LANCASTER

Baltimore County's Hampton farm and Northampton iron works made up an eighteenth-century community of several parts: the Ridgely family with its relatives and circle of acquaintances, hired laborers who joined the group sometimes as short timers who worked on a single architectural detail or others who became trusted long time employees, black slaves, and, finally, white British indentured servants. It is the last of these on whom the least attention has been focused and who are the subject of this exploration. Throughout the third quarter of the eighteenth century Annapolis and Baltimore were major ports of entry for these servants and the Ridgelys were among the principal Maryland users of indentured labor. What follows is an investigation into the lives of these Baltimore County laborers.[1]

At least three hundred white servants passed through Ridgely hands between 1750 and 1800. Distinctions have often been made between willing indentured immigrants and convicts whom the state ordered transported to the colonies during these years; and the terms, indentured servant and convict , have been used as separate and mutually exclusive terms. It should be noted at the outset, however, that nowhere in the voluminous Ridgely papers is such a distinction evident at Hampton or Northampton. We know that many—even most—of the Ridgely workers were convicts. For many others, however, status is simply unclear. The only signs of favoritism in treatment of the whole body of workers in Ridgely documents seem to emanate from the skills certain workers offered and not from any status based on willing or forced emigration. Therefore the term "indentured servant" is used here in a generic sense to describe all British workers under contract to labor for the Ridgelys and the Northampton ironworks.[2]

Through the years the Ridgelys were frequent, and important, enough buyers of servile British labor to receive regular announcements of incoming groups and of individuals with especially desirable talents—smiths, tailors, and gardeners, for example. The iron works and Hampton plantation were also able to absorb and utilize significant numbers of unskilled or unsuitably skilled laborers. At one point, in fact, in the 1760s Captain Charles Ridgely, the consummate business-

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Captain Charles Ridgely (1733–1790) used indentured servant labor on his plantation, Hampton, and at the Northampton Furnace. (Hampton National Historic Site.)

man, was not only buying indentured servants but selling them as well for a profit. In April 1769, for example, he bought eleven men and nine women from Captain John Stevenson, paying £12 a man and £9 a woman. Within two months he had sold seven women for sums between £10 and £15 each and eight or nine men for between £17 and £30 making a tidy profit on each individual.[3]

Ordinarily, however, servants were purchased to be utilized in some segment of the Hampton/Northampton complex and not for resale. As indentures were bought for only a limited time—ordinarily between four and seven years—the turnover was rapid. As is noted below, some of these servants reenlisted upon attaining freedom. Most, however, filtered away to be replaced by others. Jonathan Plowman and Dr. John Stevenson were the chief suppliers in the late 1750s and 1760s, Hercules Courtenay and Samuel and Robert Purviance in the very early 1770s, with James Cheston dominating sales just before the beginning of the Revolution. Some have suggested a complete halting of the system in British indentures with the coming of war, but David Stewart and his partnership of Stewart & Plunkett supplied Ridgely with at least thirty-five servants—probably Irish—in 1786, and Captain Ridgely's heir, Charles Carnan Ridgely, purchased a servant man as late as 1792. The system was, nevertheless, moribund by 1790. Black slavery had already been a significant factor at Hampton for decades and it completely eclipsed indentured labor by 1800.[4]

No written contracts between British indentured servants and the master are

enrolled in the Ridgely papers because no such contracts ever existed. The buyers of indentured servants dealt with the importers or the agents of the importers of the servants, and it was there that terms of service were fixed. A small group of documents establishing an individual servant's future exist in the Ridgely papers; a typical one:

> In Persuance & by Virtue of an Act of Parliament made & Provided for the more Effectual Transportation of Felons & Convicted Persons out of Great Britain into His majestys Plantations in America I Hereby Assign unto Captn. Charles Ridgely a servant man Named John Baker being a Convict under The said statute for the Term of Seven Years the time to commence from the Arrivall of the Ship Saint George John Parker Commander into this Provence Which was the 10th Day of July 1759. Jon. Plowman

In the purchase of a single servant, the name is usually stated and occasionally the period of servitude and the price as well. If the purchase involved a group, the servants remain anonymous today and no precise term can be assigned to an individual now. Thus we cannot identify the thirty servants purchased from James Cheston in 1773 nor thirty more from Stewart and Plunkett in 1786–87, nor can we say anything definite of their terms of service. It has usually been assumed that the Ridgely staff consisted of both convicts and willing immigrants. As noted, earlier viewers of the subject in fact have tended to make a sharp distinction between the two—between indentured and convict laborers. As a sort of litmus test it has been suggested that indentured servants received freedom dues—monetary payments of £3 – £5 at the end of service—while convict servants did not. This sort of distinction is missing from the Ridgely records. The much-quoted "Description of White Servants" from 1772 to 1775 describes in detail personal features, distinguishing marks, and traits, but it does not include the length of service for any of eighty-eight men and women listed there nor is there any distinction made between convicts and others. There is evidence, too, that freedom dues were paid to any number of servants who were clearly convicts.[5]

There has, in fact, been some ambivalence about terms of service. It has been established that non-convict servants were sold for a term of four to six years, while convicts had to serve at least seven years. It has also been suggested that the term for convicts corresponded to the length of time the convicts were sentenced to stay out of England after transportation to the colonies. These sentences were typically for seven or fourteen years or for life. No Ridgely servant (and some certainly received the longer sentences) seems to have served more than seven years with whatever might be added on for some breach of contract or other unusual expense. As it is often impossible to be sure when a servant's period of

indenture began, it is difficult now to determine the precise length of service. And although there are developing resources for separating convicts and willing indentures, it is obvious that differentiation among Ridgely servants is far from complete.[6]

As whites, and therefore legal persons, servants had the right to appeal to law with their grievances. This right probably had some effect on morale but seems to have had little real value. There was simply wide latitude for the master to do as he pleased. A steady stream of servants seeking redress of grievances through access to the courts runs through the Ridgely documents, the typical grievance that of being held past the limit of the term. In 1788 the company clerk noted that twenty-eight servants had gone to court in the recent past. These servants, however, went to Baltimore on their own, without the master's permission or help. They were considered runaways from their place of work and were pursued just as were those who sought freedom by absconding. They were charged with all costs of hunting and finding them and with the costs of lost labor. Patrick Corrigan, for example, was charged with 15s costs, including labor missed, on going to court in December 1788 and 17s 6d for a similar attempt to get what he considered justice six months later. In May 1788 four servants, John Lynch, Patrick Duff, Patrick Quinn, and William Carroll were charged for the expenses of the Northampton factor who brought them home "when they went to Court to Complain and their Comp'ts Groundless," and charges were levied against the twenty-eight noted above.[7]

Indeed, a single entry has been found in the Ridgely papers offering evidence that an appeal to the courts from an indentured servant at Northampton or Hampton succeeded. This was George Sweeny in 1796. The account reads "to George Sweeny for 2½ months service for Runaway Expenses as Adjudged by the Court 10/19/8, ditto for his freedom Dues 4/0/0" for a total of £14/19/8. Sweeny appears to have successfully appealed being held after his term expired and to have won compensation for the extra period he was forced to work. Much more normal was the case of George Hartiner who, in the terse wording of an entry in the timebook of September 1774, "says free, went to town, told to serve 14 months." It was not impossible for the servant to have grievances redressed, but the system appears to have been heavily loaded in the master's favor.[8]

If contracts with ordinary indentured servants are missing, we do have evidence of what they included from contracts with hirelings who worked side by side with the servants and with non-typical indentures hired locally. Andrew Masters exemplifies one of the former group. A convict, he was bought in 1775 and received his freedom dues in 1783. He had already renewed his contract in July 1782, however, and it was committed to paper. It states that Captain Charles Ridgely should provide for him during his term of service "sufficient meat, Drink, Apparell, Washing and Lodging." Those precise terms are used in a contract with one Johann-Heinrich Elias Hess in 1805, who bound himself as a servant to Charles Carnan

Ridgely for three years. These were standard items in the unwritten contracts of regular earlier indentured servants, as well. Hess was also promised "all the customary freedom dues." It was generally assumed that earlier indentures were eligible for those dues as well.[9]

The Ridgely and Northampton servants faced most intensive labor in those areas supporting the furnace and forge production. They extracted the ore and the coal vital to the process of making iron, and they felled and cut acres upon acres of timber and helped haul fuel, ore and finished products to and from the site of the operations. In slack times at the furnace they became farmers, performing all the tasks necessary to produce the grains they and others at the works consumed as well as the surplus sold outside their community. For most of them, their backgrounds probably prepared them for little they faced in Baltimore County. Thomas Avery, a paper maker, and William Moses, a sailor, had nothing but raw human labor to add at Northampton, for example. Some few had skills that set them apart—tailors, gardeners, shoemakers, and smiths, for instance—skills that guaranteed them a favored place in their new home. For everyone, however, the prospect was long, hard work with no frills and few holidays.[10]

No information exists about the work day, but it was unlikely to have been shorter than sunup to sundown and this meant sustained work. One servant, Patrick Quinn, was credited with only a half day on June 15, 1788, because he dawdled on the job. He would be expected to make up the lost time. We have timebooks for at least one of the occupations at the furnace—the colliers—and these records show what the life of the servant entailed. They were expected to work a twenty-six-day month with only Sundays free year after year. In the most complete of the collier accounts—reaching from March 1774 to October 1776, the attendance of the colliers is checked off monotonously without breaks while the furnace was in operation. Whitsun Monday in May 1774 was a holiday, but this was not repeated the next year. Christmas day was on Sunday that year, but everyone was free for the following three days. In November 1775, Captain Ridgely's men had a day off without explanation, but more than half of the colliers worked on Christmas. Everyone had a holiday on December 28, which the clerk described as "Chillimas Day." These were all the breaks in over a year and a half. The work year was long and nearly unbroken. Indentured servants were exploitable for a limited time only, and that time could not be wasted on the niceties of holidays.[11]

The more restless servants created their own holidays by running away; indeed the community seems sometimes like a loose confederation of jumping beans. A great deal of management's attention went into tracking absentees. The detailed "Description of White Workers" at Northampton begun in 1772 had a single purpose, identification of those who escaped. Captain Ridgely advertised in the *Maryland Gazette* in July 1775 for the missing Francis Barrett—quoting carefully the description that had been filed away in the "Description": "6 feet 1 inch high,

round visage, fair complexion, light brown or sandy hair which curls, hazel eyes, has a scar on his nose and a mole on the right side of his chin, is slim made and a little knock-knee'd, a carpenter and sawyer by trade, though no workman at either." The ad goes on to describe Barrett's clothing and notes that he "had also an iron collar on." Barrett, who was also known as Francis Carpenture, had run away four times, on one escape stealing a boat to make his way down the Gunpowder River to temporary freedom. The collar was apparently affixed by a local law official when he was apprehended previously and left on to facilitate his return to the furnace site.[12]

The runaway par excellence was one John Dehoddy, whose entry in the "Description" noted, "Irishman, 19 years old, five foot four high, long visage, fair complexion, pitted with small pox, light colored hair, a well set feller, he can read & right." He can be traced from January 1772 to October 1777 when he received his freedom dues. Between April 1774 and July 1776, Dehoddy ran away at least seven times. Coming back himself several times after a night or two, he apparently only sought a break in a monotonous routine, and management's reaction seems to have been indulgent. By 1775, however, as his absences became longer, the furnace officials sent out in full force to apprehend him and did.[13]

The Northampton accounts abound in entries having to do with runaways. Payments are recorded for broadside announcements, newspaper notices, expenses for employees and horses to pursue and bring back escapees, and for sheriffs' and jail fees and rewards. We tend to imagine today that an escapee could simply flee to Baltimore and meld into the masses there. Baltimore, though, was still a small town between 1770 and 1780 with a population suspicious of convict laborers. Refuge and assimilation were not probable there. Annapolis, Philadelphia, and southern Pennsylvania were frequent goals of escapees—Annapolis, especially, probably because many of the servants had landed there and the town seemed the gateway back to England. The threat of death if a convict returned before the end of his sentence was not a complete deterrent, for Captain Ridgely warned ships' captains against taking his runaways on board and he was reinforced by provincial and then state law.[14]

A look at some of the other aspects of servant life is warranted—medical care, clothing, food, and the nature of control. Throughout their histories Hampton and Northampton had medical services available. In the late 1770s, for example, partners Dr. Randall Hulse and Dr. Thomas Craddock, were on call to treat the servants and slaves of the company and the families of the owners and their administrators as well. Dr. Craddock was of local origin, but Dr. Hulse was English, arriving to practice in 1767 and returning to England in 1782. He was apparently a peppery sort and critical of American ways—especially treatment of servants. In a memorable letter of February 22, 1777, Hulse denounced Captain Ridgely for, among other things, failure to pay his fee and cruelty to the servants. He and Dr.

Craddock, however, served for years keeping the staff going, Dr. Hulse at least drawing a stipend of £30 yearly. Hulse's letter claimed that he or his partner came out to the furnace at least three times a week, but company records suggest less frequent visits. In twelve months, from September 1774 through August 1775, the clerk marked only forty-one visits from Hulse or Craddock.[15]

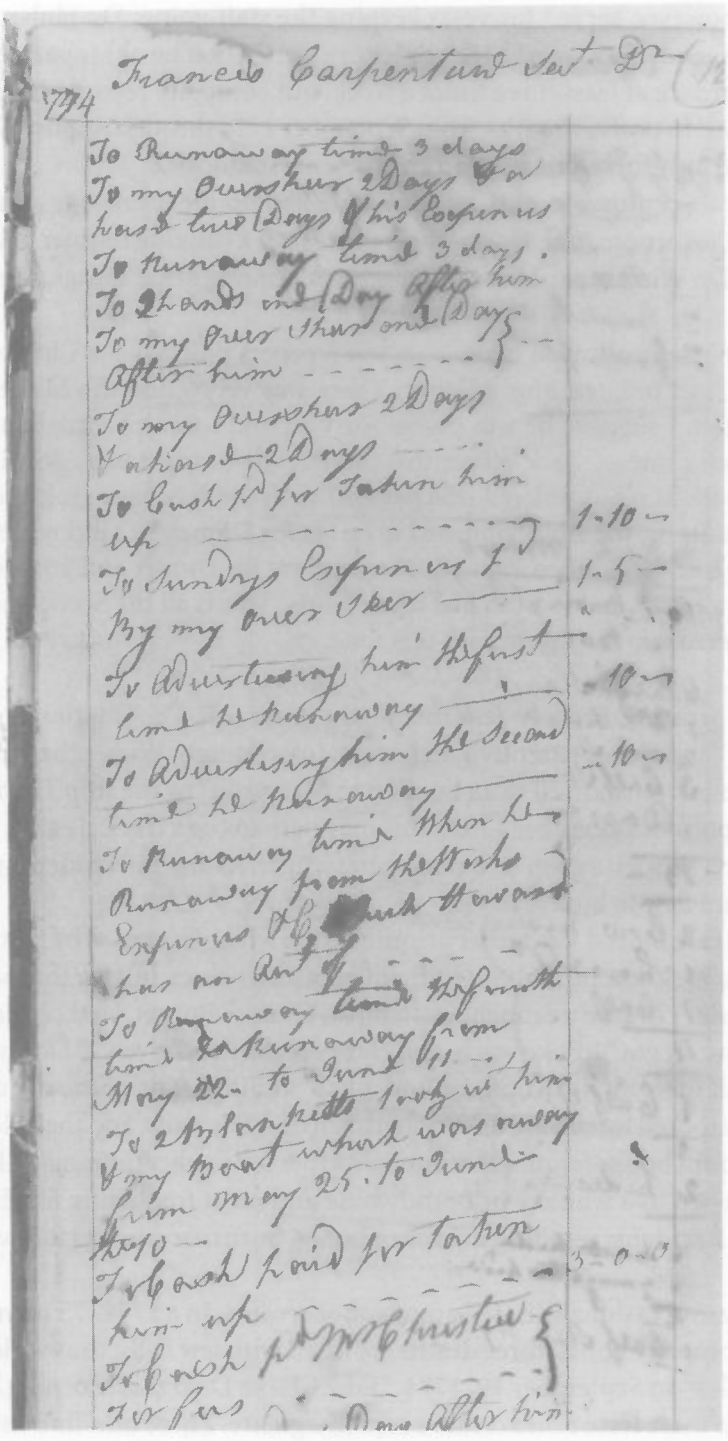
Eighteenth-century doctors seem to have had no great prestige among the Ridgelys or the furnace staff. One of their clerks kept a running register of some of the visits of Dr. Wiesenthal, Hulse's predecessor. Among other things, he noted,

> Jack Wiesenthal called here . . . & left 6 papers powders for Charles Doud and ordered him a Vomit. There was very Little the Matter with him I suppose he will charge for Visit and I think he might as well not come. . . . Jack Wiesenthal came . . . he brought some Medicine with him but ordered [the patient] to live well & have grog and hard sider . . . the table happened to be Set for Dinner, he sat down & broke one the Earthen Plates & afterward eat his Dinner and Striped of his Clothes and went to bed some hours. This is all the Service he [rendered] up to the Furnace this time.

The doctor treating Ridgely servants at the time was Dr. Charles Frederick Wiesenthal; 'Jack' was apparently a nickname. Interestingly, Wiesenthal himself is listed as a "felon transported from London to Maryland" by the ship *Thetis* arriving at Annapolis in December 1757. This may perhaps be a clerical error; he may have been the ship's surgeon or a paying passenger. At any rate, indentured servants were not new to him.[16]

Medical care indeed was rather primitive even when dispensed by Baltimore's best doctors. We know little about individual cases or cures, but for four servants or employees in 1784 the treatment was simple. Thomas Burnet, Hethcot Edwards, and John Causely got "1 Puke" each, and Henry Gutery was given "2 Dozes Salts & 2 Vomits," all for a total cost of one and a half shillings. The company medical cabinet was stocked for dosing the sick between doctor's visits, and the flyleaves of Ridgely account books frequently contain recipes for medications, usually herbs or roots steeped in a whiskey or brandy base and most frequently for digestive complaints. Accidents resulting in broken bones, burns, or crushed feet were frequent.[17]

Deaths are occasionally noted among the servants. In a 1774–75 manuscript recording company hours, three deaths are listed with few frills; thus we learn no more than that on September 19, 1774, "Edw Clarke Died this Morning." Occasionally even these terse notes create a sort of vignette. Three one-line entries on the same record in May of that year note that Abraham Patton's man was sick, ran away, was brought back, and cut his throat, effectively it seems as he is heard of no

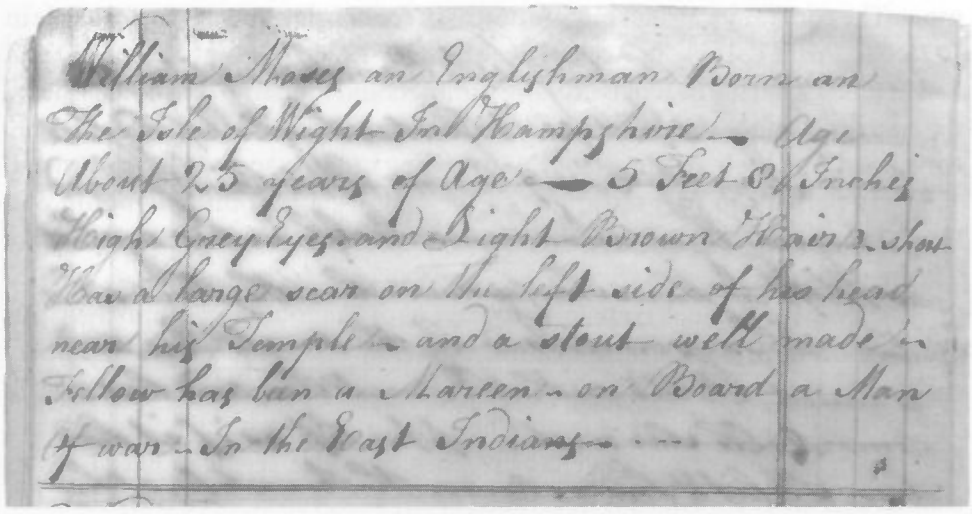


A page from Charles Ridgely's account book that recorded in detail the cost of recapturing a runaway servant. (Maryland Historical Society.)

more. The company journals put the deaths in economic terms, as, for example in 1776, "To Profit & Loss, To Acc't of Servants, for 1 died last night named David Lewis, £18." Given the heat of Baltimore summers and the damp cold of its winters, the sparse clothing issued servants, the kind of food and amount of liquor they consumed, and their grueling labor, a surprising number seem to have survived. This was perhaps in part testimony to the country air around Hampton and Northampton, where the great threats to urban health—the epidemics—were less threatening.[18]

The flyleaf of the book containing the census of Hampton servants in the 1770s bears a short informal listing of clothing taken away from those workers, apparently when they arrived at the site. Included are shirts from nine individuals, as well as a plaid jacket, a pair of leather breeches, a coat and a blue velvet jacket, other coats and a pair of red velvet breeches. The idea seems to have been to standardize attire for Hampton servants; at any rate, velvet was hardly suited to the work the men and women were to do. The next document in that same collection is, in fact, a listing of clothing and shoes given out to both white and black servants. The listing began on January 13, 1772, with what seems to have been a general inventory of what servants were given on that date, and it was continued for several years. Timothy Murphy's and John Dehoddy's inventories were typical: one each of jackets, breeches, shirts, stockings, shoes, hats, and blankets in addition to one half bed-tick each. Within three years, Murphy had received three more jackets, seven more pairs of breeches, seven more shirts, two more pairs of stockings, seven more pairs of shoes, three more hats, and one more blanket. While this appears to have been considerable apparel, it must be remembered that Murphy and his peers were involved in constant and very heavy physical labor that certainly took a toll on clothing. Shoes were particularly vulnerable, for in addition to his eight pairs of new shoes Murphy had shoes mended on five occasions.[19]

Standardization of attire was perhaps sought, but it is unlikely that anything approximating fit was achieved. Clothing tended to arrive in batches without any obvious attempt at sizing. That clothing inventoried in 1772 had come to the furnace servants and slaves from Captain Ridgely in lots of eight to twelve of each item. It had probably been made at Hampton but it was certainly not made to order for each individual. On February 20 of the same year, the ten new servants got an osnaberg shirt each from a bunch supplied by one Daniel Carter, and subsequent lots of clothing and shoes arrived to be divided among the workers. The same process continued throughout the years. In the Northampton Journal in 1778 a charge is paid for fifty check shirts, and as late as 1787, in a general distribution of clothing, each worker got a jacket and a pair of breeches and stockings. Although there were some purchases of finished cloth in these years—ninety yards of cotton, for example, in 1778—cloth-making and the production of clothing became two related on-site industries in this period.[20]


William Moses an Englishman Born on
The Isle of Wight Int Hampshire Age
About 25 years of Age 5 Feet 8 Inches
High Grey Eyes and Light Brown Hair Has
Has a large scar on the left side of his head
near his Temple and a stout well made
Fellow has ben a Marcen on Board a Man
of war In the East Indians

A weaver was always on the staff in the eighteenth century and was one of the "protected" and favored employees. John Willis, whose biography is sketched below, is one of the better documented such servants. He produced cloth, and his wife Sarah knitted and sewed. Sewing clothing became a steady cottage industry, indeed, with a collection of wives of both servants and hired employees sewing continuously, often on materials already cut out by "taylors." Another wife, Anne Moreday, whose husband was a sawyer for the furnace, had a number of similar commissions in the 1770s. She made over £6 in 1776 spinning wool and knitting stockings. This pattern changed somewhat in ensuing years as ready-made cloth became widely available and the weaver became nearly obsolete. Sarah's and Anne's position, however, was constant for most of a century; the wives of employees or neighbors contracted to cut, sew and knit most of Hampton's servant and slave clothing.[21]

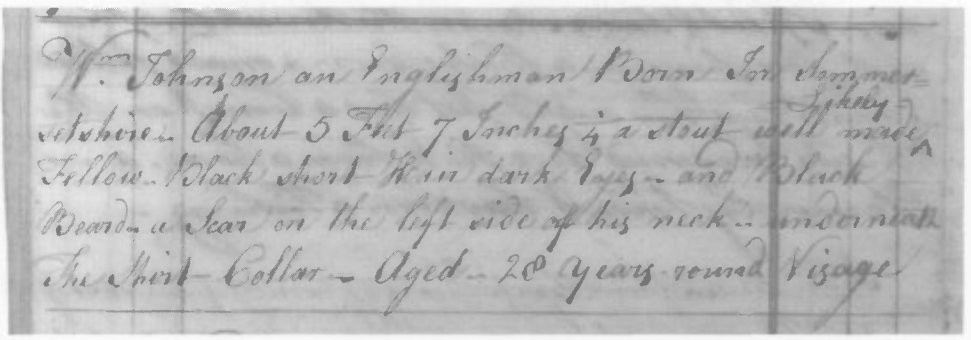
The cloth produced or bought for servant apparel was simple and rough. Two types of material appear again and again in the accounts, osnaburg and ticklenberg, both heavy, linen cloths used for such clothing or for sacks and bags. Both were imported widely and some was woven on the site. Flax was grown locally, and those workers who had houses and garden plots were sometimes given flax seed. Employee Caleb Warfield, for example, sewed his flax seed on Wednesday April 26, 1775, according to the clerk who kept the workers' time records. The "cotton" noted above was indeed a rough, course wool, again used extensively for servants' clothing. Burlap was sometimes utilized for trousers. Homegrown wool was processed at Hampton and used for jackets, winter stockings, and blankets.[22]

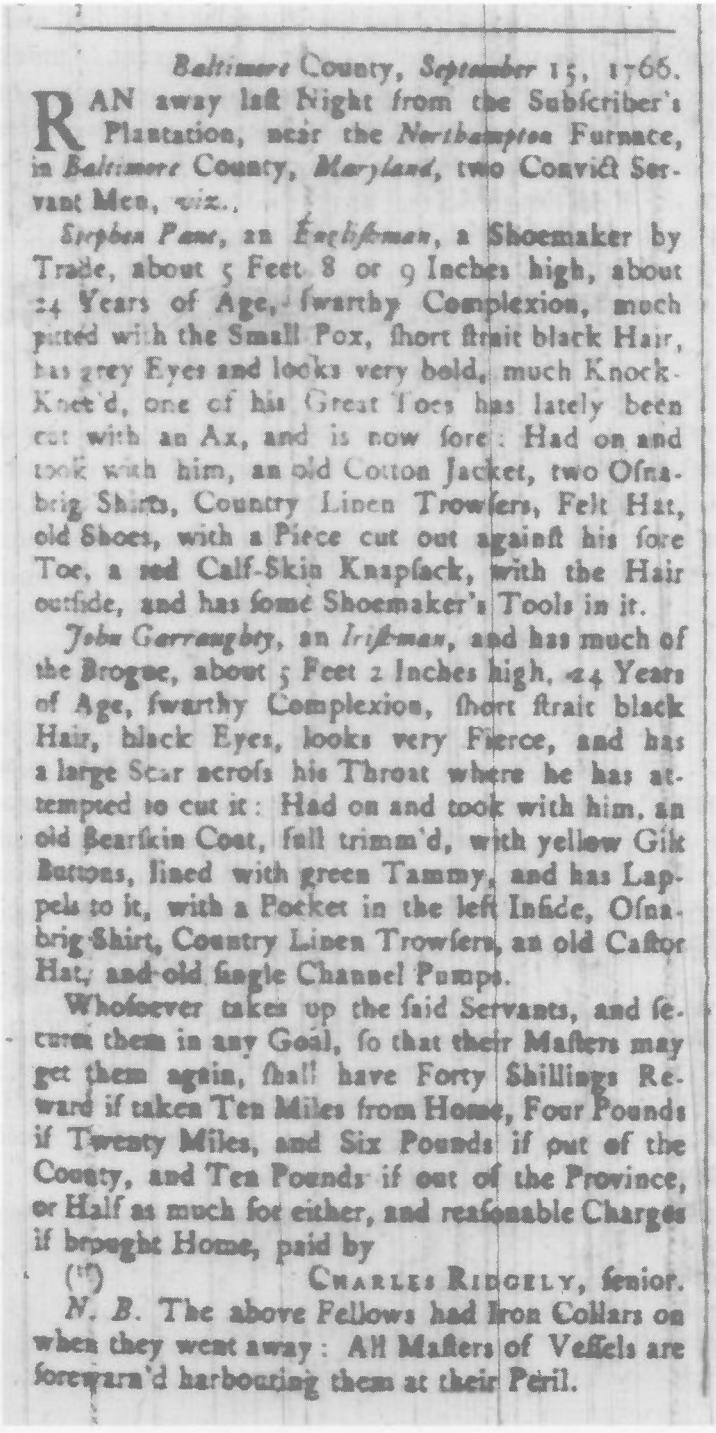
Shoes were a vital part of servants' attire and took considerable planning on the part of management. Until the Revolution, most of the shoes of the Hampton gentry were imported from England. With an often large body of indentured

servants and a growing number of slaves, a shoemaker resident at Hampton/Northampton was a necessity and there was always one present. In time he came to make shoes for the whole community, with shoes for the "free people" of the community significantly more costly than those for servants. The white servants got what were described as "Negro shoes," which probably implies only rough shoes made on the site. Evidence shows that by the mid-nineteenth century lists were kept of individual shoe sizes for workers. Earlier, however, selecting shoes seems to have been a grab-bag procedure. It is obvious that shoes were an indicator of status, because a goodly number of indentured servants ordered fine shoes to be paid for out of their freedom dues immediately on the expiration of their terms.[23]

Part of the leather the complex consumed came from the Hampton farm, but part was purchased, too. A Baltimore tanner, Joseph Slee, had constant orders from Ridgely in the 1780s for tanning and curing hides and often for supplying the hides themselves. In January 1785 alone, he provided "5 hides of soal leather," ten unidentified hides, sixteen sheep skins, six horse hides, fourteen calf skins, and two dog skins, all tanned and cured. The shoemaker ranked with the smith and the gardener as a protected employee. His accounts show that his was a full-time job making, but especially repairing, shoes. He was seldom drafted into other work even in periods of agricultural stress.[24]

The question of whether the clothing of indentured servants was adequate is a difficult one. For Baltimore summers they were certainly clothed adequately in terms of warmth. Washing of clothing was an expectable part of the contract in this period and it can only be assumed that management's responsibilities were fulfilled. For those servants in the 1772 clothing list, however, although shirts were often given out two at a time, that first pair of trousers had to last unchanged for five or six months, making any frequent washing unlikely. Of the few women in this group of servants Mary "Phitsgerrill" is representative. Her labor role is unclear, but she and the other women were issued breeches just like the men. The only difference between her clothing allotment and that of the men is that she was issued two aprons and there is no mention of a bed tick; male servants got a half interest in a tick to be shared with someone else. The single pair of breeches Mary





Baltimore County, *September* 15, 1766.

RAN away laſt Night from the Subſcriber's Plantation, near the *Northampton* Furnace, in *Baltimore* County, *Maryland*, two Convict Servant Men, *viz.*,

Stephen Pane, an *Engliſhman*, a Shoemaker by Trade, about 5 Feet 8 or 9 Inches high, about 24 Years of Age, ſwarthy Complexion, much pitted with the Small Pox, ſhort ſtrait black Hair, has grey Eyes and looks very bold, much Knock-Knee'd, one of his Great Toes has lately been cut with an Ax, and is now ſore: Had on and took with him, an old Cotton Jacket, two Oſnabrig Shirts, Country Linen Trowſers, Felt Hat, old Shoes, with a Piece cut out againſt his ſore Toe, a red Calf-Skin Knapſack, with the Hair outſide, and has ſome Shoemaker's Tools in it.

John Garraughty, an *Iriſhman*, and has much of the Brogue, about 5 Feet 2 Inches high, 24 Years of Age, ſwarthy Complexion, ſhort ſtrait black Hair, black Eyes, looks very Fierce, and has a large Scar acroſs his Throat where he has attempted to cut it: Had on and took with him, an old Bearſkin Coat, full trimm'd, with yellow Gilt Buttons, lined with green Tammy, and has Lappels to it, with a Pocket in the left Inſide, Oſnabrig Shirt, Country Linen Trowſers, an old Caſtor Hat, and old ſingle Channel Pumps.

Whoſoever takes up the ſaid Servants, and ſecures them in any Goal, ſo that their Maſters may get them again, ſhall have Forty Shillings Reward if taken Ten Miles from Home, Four Pounds if Twenty Miles, and Six Pounds if out of the County, and Ten Pounds if out of the Province, or Half as much for either, and reaſonable Charges if brought Home, paid by

(tf) CHARLES RIDGELY, ſenior.

N. B. The above Fellows had Iron Collars on when they went away: All Maſters of Veſſels are forewarn'd harbouring them at their Peril.

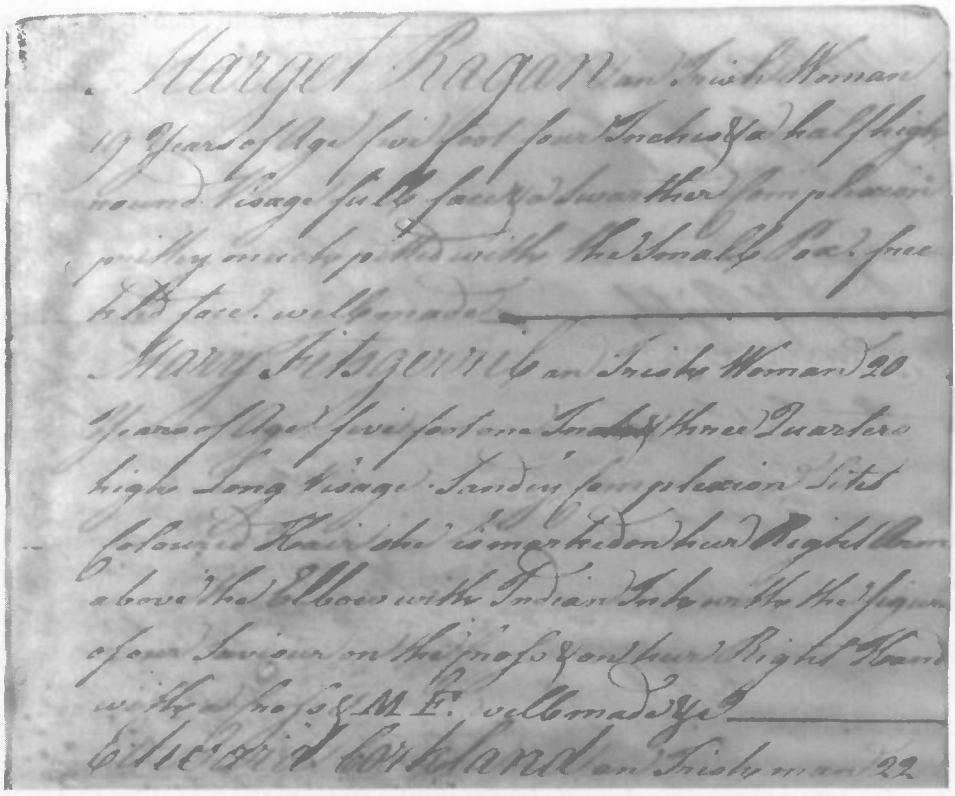
Charles Ridgely placed this notice, dated September 15, 1766, in the Maryland Gazette. *(Maryland Historical Society.)*

was issued in January 1772 had to last for six months without change. She got a second pair then, but it was sixteen months before she was given a third. Far from building a wardrobe, Mary was probably replacing tatters just in time. Although this was not an age that concentrated on it, personal sanitation of the most elemental sort must have been a problem.

Adequacy of clothing in winter is another matter. A new jacket was normally given out in November or December but as we have no descriptions of the materials used, there is no way to know whether there was adequate warmth in Baltimore's cold season. In truth, the attire of the indentured servants was probably rough, dirty, threadbare, and skimpy enough to mark them unmistakably as servants wherever they went.[25]

Indentured servants were only part of a large community at Hampton/Northampton, all of whom needed food. Foodstuffs tended to reflect hierarchy. Flour came in a number of grades, for example—superfine, middling, ordinary, etc.—and the servants and slaves could expect to get one of the poorer grades. They were, after all, at the bottom of the social hierarchy. As with better shoes, one can find them buying better grades of victuals immediately after gaining freedom. In addition to criticisms of the treatment meted out to servants on the complex, there were others about Hampton foodstuffs. Benjamin Nicholson, for example, complained to Captain Ridgely around 1785 that his blacks who had worked at Hampton reported that the beef was rotten and stinking. The same year one John Dennis protested that the flour he had from the Ridgely Forges miller had in it "Dead Worms 3/4 of an Inch long, Clocks, Cock Roaches, Wood Lice, Grasshoppers & Bran, which we are obliged to Sive it all before we can Bake it." Foods we consider vital today—fruits and vegetables—do not seem to have been part of their diet, although that may be because those items were produced on the site and needed no accounting. Whatever the flaws in their food and their diet, constant attention and work were required to keep the servants fed.[26]

There are unresolved questions about the preparation and serving of food. In the early 1770s, it appears that eating was communal with a single kitchen. The clerk who kept the workers' time-book in that period noted in his remarks column on Monday July 18, 1775, that "Phillip Beal went to complain to the Capt. his wife would'nt be let in *the* Kitchen" [emphasis added], and accounts are broken down in such a way as to suggest mass and not individual consumption. Later—in the 1780s—the workers' total indebtedness is charged to them individually in a way that suggests the preparation of individual portions and meals. "Cabbins" of unstated purpose were constructed on the property and may point to the breakdown of communal living. While this is only hinted at in the records, it may point to more regular patterns of living as time went on at Northampton. It has been suggested that feeding indentured servants at Northampton probably had an analogy in military messes. This, indeed, is what the records suggest for the earlier period at least.[27]



Page from the Ridgely account book describing indentured servants. (Maryland Historical Society.)

Servants' foodstuffs consisted chiefly of pork and beef, both fresh and salted, an occasional herring or mackerel, and gruels and breadstuffs made from corn meal and flour. Payments for bushels of root crops and dried vegetables—turnips, potatoes, peas, etc.—appear less than a dozen times in the records, and except for two payments for cabbages, other vegetables are completely absent. The contracts for some of the hired laborers included provisions for gardens, and occasionally charges were recorded against those laborers for plowing them so we know gardens existed. The gardener, too, was a favored worker in the Hampton/Northampton complex, although heretofore it had been imagined that his status depended on his skill in ornamental gardening and landscape design. It is likely in these years, instead, that his first charge was producing vegetables for the servants. Orchards were cultivated early at Hampton, and part of their produce was certainly funneled off to the working staff, although surprisingly there is no evidence of this in the records. Captain Ridgely, at any rate, had been a working sea captain in his time and was aware of what deprivation of fruits and vegetables might mean to a group of isolated workers. Salt was provided, but sweets, sugar or molasses,

were very scarce. This scarcity was apparently felt; it was worthy of note when a hireling stole sweets and rum from a neighboring plantation. There is no mention at all of chickens or of game. Fowl were certainly raised on the site, and it should be remembered that the whole complex stood in the forest where game was plentiful, although indentured servants, without firearms, were at a disadvantage in procuring it. Overall, the servants' diet appears to have been a heavy, monotonous one but probably a more substantial one than many in society could boast.[28]

The provision of liquor was a part of most contracts with free workers who drew provisions from the complex, and grog was a most important part of what indentured servants expected in return for their labor. Drinking, in fact, seems to have been prodigious. Some of the liquor was produced on the site and some purchased. Captain Ridgely bought one hogshead of 110 gallons of New England rum at 2s 2d a gallon in 1785. The records of two workers, both probably former indentured servants who had achieved freedom but who still worked shoulder to shoulder with those servants, turn into a litany in the time book over a year:

July 4, 1774	Leggett drunk yesterday, sick today
Sept 2	Martin Poltis told the Capt. he could not get grogg
Oct16	Poltis drunk
Oct 17	Poltis drunk
March 6, 1775	Leggett and Poltis drunk
March 6	Poltis drunk
March 20	Poltis drunk
April 3	Leggett and Poltis drunk
June 19	Leggett and Poltis drunk
June 30	Poltis drunk yesterday and sick today.

As early as 1764 the servant accounts included rum. One of those entries:

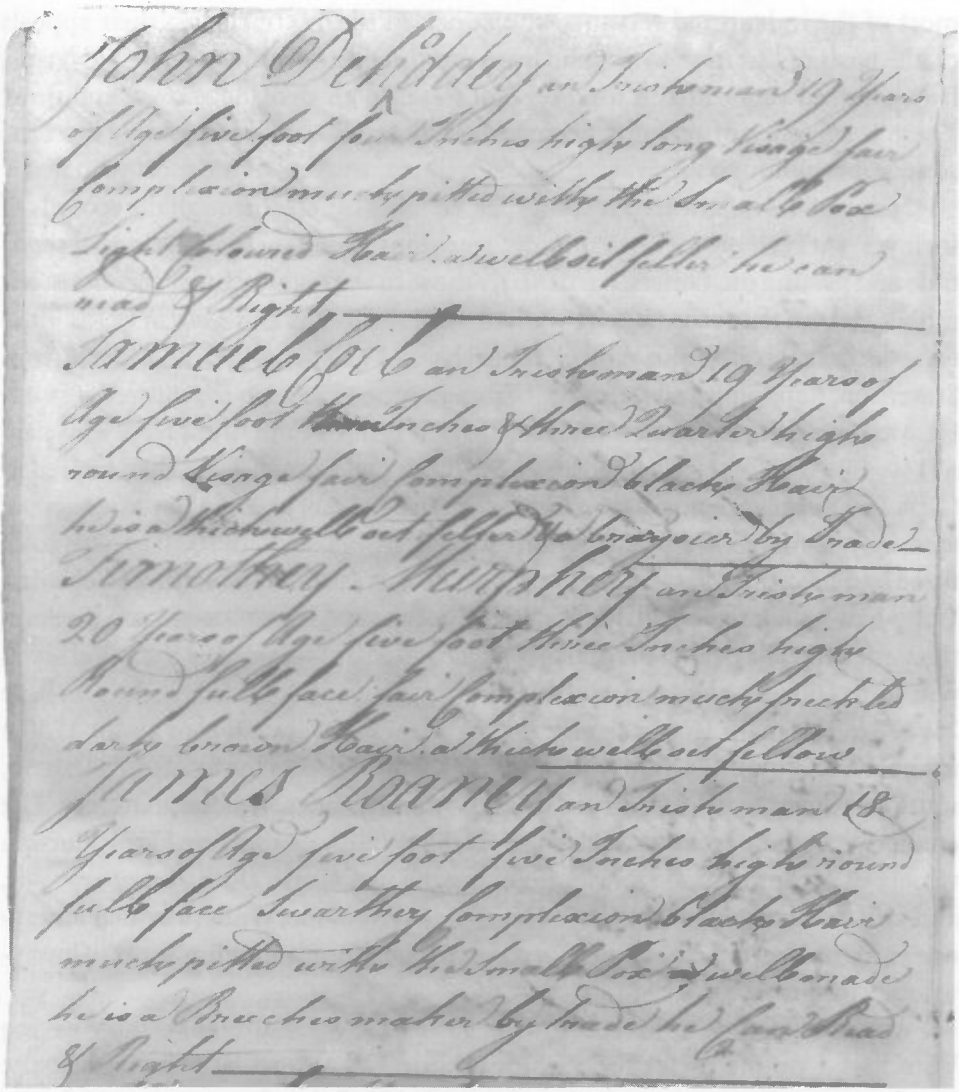
Servants Bought of Fishwick & Worters:	
For Cash Mr Chemer 8 ½ gall Rum	1/ 9/ 9
For Do pd Mr More For ...Bread 14/	1/10/10
To Cash Paid Diging a Grave	3/ 4
	3/ 4/ 4'

Richard Warren, a recently freed indentured servant, demonstrates a capacity for liquor that was fairly common at Hampton/Northampton. During four months from August 1781 to January 1782 (there is no record for him in October and November), he accounted for twenty-three quarts of whiskey and three of brandy. John Meldress, weaver, outdid Warren a few months earlier, consuming 23 ½ quarts of whiskey and 2 ½ quarts of brandy in June, July, and August 1781.

Liquor, in fact, seems the constant refrain in the records of this period, and management's attitude toward it seems to have been permissive. Was it perhaps an agent of control, used to enervate an otherwise over-restless throng of workers?[29]

The Ridgely papers give few hints about the devices used to control indentured servants or slaves. As masters, the Ridgelys simply did not normally comment on punishment or control, and this was a constant until the end of slavery. There are, however, occasional signs that control, though not absolute, was an ongoing concern of the family and the furnace management and was understood by the servants. A number of references to neck rings—iron collars—are recorded, usually on habitual runaways, probably to make examples of them and to make identification easier. There is evidence, too, that even hired workers feared corporal punishment. The company time-keeper noted in 1775 that Philip Beale, a minor hireling, had "Runaway for fear of being Whipped and pillored for stealing Sugar Molasses and Rum from John Robt Holladays House yesterday morning & ketched by James Perigoe." Confinement in the county jail is well documented because jail fees had to be paid—fees for holding escapees or miscreants and sometimes for flogging and pillorying them. Only once does it emerge that there was also a private jail on company lands—this when a new roof was needed on the "jail at Mine Bank." As noted above response to runaways was swift and usually sure. So apparently was response to other infractions. The confined servants, cut off from the regular flow of life, had visible signs to remind them of that fact.[30]

The Hampton/Northampton indentured servants had adequate food, probably adequate clothing and shelter, enough at least to drink and certainly enough work to keep them busy. What then was the overall fabric of their lives? The average age of the servants, in 1772 at least, was about twenty-six years, and they are generally described as "well made" or "fine fellow." Ever astute in business matters, Captain Ridgely was unlikely knowingly to have bought ill or weak servants. The group was overwhelmingly male; a total of no more than a half-dozen servant women seem ever to have been settled at the site. This was, then, a gathering of as many as eighty-five males at a time, confined and generally deprived of any family experience and forced into celibacy. Most of the other servile population, the slaves, on the other hand, tended to be settled in family situations, and there is evidence in fact that the Ridgelys actively promoted family life and marriage among the slaves. It has been assumed that running away was a reaction to intolerable overt treatment. Looking at the common runaway pattern of a night or two out on the town and then often a more or less casual return, it seems likely that a good part of it was indeed the reaction of the testosterone in a group of healthy young men to the major deprivation in their lives. Wives appear attached to a dozen or so of the servants at the ends of their terms, and, interestingly, it is indeed those servants with wives who contracted to become regular hirelings at the site when their indentures were satisfied. Where these wives came from is unclear; Baltimore



seems the only possible source of so many unattached women. In no case does a wife seem to have been a female servant.[31]

One last consideration, the indebtedness of the servants, deserves attention. Although it would be impossible to prove from Ridgely or company records, there appears to have been a "company store syndrome" at work on the Ridgely/Northampton complex, in which indebtedness for commodities—often liquor—escalated rapidly as did charges against runaways—costs for apprehending and returning the escapees and extensions of terms to cover time lost. Provincial and state laws permitted masters wide latitude in translating days of work missed into weeks of work owed. Although this is not explicit in the accounts, it appears that

most of the indentured servants who appealed to the courts lost their appeals on the basis of lost time which had been multiplied and added to original terms. It was indeed very difficult for a servant to settle his debts in money and time. There is evidence of servants fleeing to rid themselves of increasingly burdensome debts although this was perhaps not the motivation of the most who fled.[32]

Many of the indentured servants passed fairly quietly through the records of their years at Hampton/Northampton, reaching the ends of their periods of servitude and passing on. Others, particularly those in the highly valued vocations, left more mark on the record. Short vignettes of John Willis and Martin Poltis illustrate the latter group. John Willis was purchased by Captain Charles Ridgely from Stevenson, Randolph and [James] Cheston in June 1775 as an indentured servant. He was one of thirteen individuals sold at that time to Captain Ridgely who paid £11 sterling each for eleven men and £7 each for two women. Willis had arrived in Captain Thomas Spencer's ship *Elizabeth* from Bristol, one of 116 passengers of whom by October 1775 when the ship docked, three had died, 109 had been sold, three had paid their passage, and one's account was still to be settled. A convict, Willis had been judged guilty of stealing chickens and transported from England the same year. His period of service is never stated but was clearly the usual seven years for a felon for he signed, with his mark, a receipt for his freedom dues on June 25, 1782. The mark would signify that Willis was illiterate. From about 1780 a number of accounts in his name were recorded in ledgers for foodstuffs (bacon, mutton, wheat, corn) as well as whiskey, brandy, shoes, candles, rent, etc. The credit side of these accounts makes it clear that Willis was a weaver. He produced a variety of common grade fabrics for company use: Negro cloth, linsey-woolsey, and jacket and blanket material. In December 1781 alone, Willis provided ninety-one yards of Negro cloth, sixty-three yards of osnaburg, and thirty yards of linsey-woolsey for furnace use.[33]

Appended to one of his accounts in 1781 is a note stating that "the Weaving Wife had 4 pouns of fat for making 4 Shirtes." A "List of Hirelings at the Northampton Furnace enrolled on June 18, 1786" details a number of family groupings. Willis's group consisted of himself, forty years old, "Sary Willis, 38 years old Keeps as a Wife" and "John Cook a Bastered [Sary Willis's] son 8 years old." The origin of the family is unknown, but Sarah began immediately to contribute substantially to the family income by sewing. In a single year she provided the company with fifty-five pairs of trousers or breeches, forty-six shirts, fourteen jackets, three coats and a pair of overalls. Her accounts were usually submerged in John's, but on occasion accounts were issued in her own name. By 1790 and the settling of the estate of the recently dead Captain Charles Ridgely, we discover that there are two John Willises on the site, one the weaver and one a gardener, and it is simply impossible to separate their biographic details thereafter. Both seemed to have worked into the 1790s and disappeared from sight.[34]

Martin Poltis first surfaces in the Ridgely sources in the inventory taken at the death of Colonel Charles Ridgely in 1772, where he is described as a servant, with one and one-half years to serve and a value of £12. This term would have run to January 1774. The relatively high value assigned for such a short period of service suggests some special talent; only later is it revealed that he was a blacksmith. He was enrolled in the list of servants drawing clothing in 1772 and became a regular subject of comment in the marginal notes of the company time book in 1774–75. There the clerk noted that he "began to work" in July 1774, apparently as a free man, and he agreed to work for one year starting the next month. He was frequently drunk and sick the next day, and he ran away for a brief stay on one occasion. It is obvious that the time-keeping clerk considered him one of the local "characters," somewhat reprehensible but entertaining. His vocation probably gave him license to show considerably more personality than the norm. He worked back and forth between the furnace and Captain Ridgely's "home house" for the next year. During that time, we discover that he had married, for he stayed at home one day to "attend his wife." He "left the shop"—apparently quarters in the blacksmith's shop—in November 1774 and "staid in his own house." Soon the furnace management was having his garden plot plowed and was supplying him with flax and other seeds.

Marriage apparently helped settle Poltis somewhat, for his accounts from the late seventies were focused much more fully on foodstuffs, clothing and shoes—the things families needed—than on potables, although rum and whiskey are not entirely absent. A "List of Hirelings, etc." of 1786 included Poltis and noted him as the father of four young children, Jack, Bill, Martin, and Suck. One son was old enough to work alongside his father by 1791 and to earn twenty shillings a month to supplement his father's fifty shillings, along with his own rations of bacon and corn. This supplemental income lasted well into the 1790s. By 1793, Mrs. Poltis was spinning and sewing and providing considerable extra income for the family. She made two shirts and thirty-two pairs of trousers for the company and spun stocking yarn for Mrs. Ridgely in 1792, and in the winter of 1793–94 produced a whopping forty-one jackets and fifty-seven pairs of breeches and trousers. Simultaneously, she raised and sold chickens. The Poltises seem to have carved out a comfortable niche for themselves. By the mid-1790s, whiskey again became a major item in their accounts, however. There may be no connection, but by 1796 they disappeared entirely from the records and were gone.[35]

No matter how long indentured servants stayed at Hampton/Northampton, they eventually fanned out of the complex into surrounding areas. Some may have returned to England or Ireland. Most, however, and this was a significant number of humans, probably established themselves in the United States and even in the Baltimore area as useful citizens or otherwise. That will have to be the subject of a new inquiry.

NOTES

1. The Ridgelys of Hampton and the Northampton iron works have been treated as a single entity here. The iron works were a separate segment in the Ridgely economic conglomerate but at every stage were dominated if not completely controlled by a Ridgely. The enterprise was begun by Colonel Charles Ridgely (d. 1772) who left it to his sons and daughters. Captain Charles Ridgely emerged quickly with a two-thirds controlling interest, and he and his heir, Charles Carnan Ridgely, slowly regained ownership of the remaining one-third. It is nearly impossible in the existing accounts to separate what pertained to Northampton and what to Ridgely. Servants were traded back and forth between forge, furnace, and plantation frequently and with ease. These white servants were first noticed when William D. Hoyt studied a census of them from 1772 to 1775 in *Maryland Historical Magazine* in 1938. That article has been widely used by later scholars, but few have gone into much further depth in the Ridgely archives except for Charles G. Steffen. Kenneth Morgan touched on the group from the outside in his fine study "The Organization of the Convict Trade to Maryland: Stevenson, Randolph & Cheston, 1768–1775," *William and Mary Quarterly,* 3rd series, 42 (1985): 201–27; as did A. Roger Ekirch in "Bound for America: A Profile of British Convicts Transported to the Colonies, 1718–1775" in the same issue of the same journal. Morgan also gave indirect attention to the group in "Convict Runaways in Maryland, 1745–1775," in *Journal of American Studies,* 23 (1989): 253–68. Certainly the fullest study of the group is in the work of Steffen in "The Pre-Industrial Iron Worker : Northampton Iron Works, 1780-1820," *Labor History,* 20 (1979): 89–110, and *From Gentlemen to Townsmen, The Gentry of Baltimore County, Maryland 1660–1776* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1993). Anita Elizabeth Jones gives a good overview of Captain Ridgely's life in "Captain Charles Ridgely, Builder of Hampton Mansion" (M.A. thesis, Wake Forest University, 1981). Margaret M. R. Kellow's "Indentured Servitude in Eighteenth-Century Maryland," *Histoire Sociale,* 17 (1984), provides an excellent overview of the subject without reference to Hampton. The aid of Robert Barnes and Jenny Masur is gratefully acknowledged.

2. There has been some ambivalence as to the relationship of convicts and indentured servants. Morgan, in "The Organization of the Convict Trade to Maryland," 204, notes "convict labor it should be remembered was a form of indentured labor" but then makes a clear distinction between the two. See, for example, page 222, where he notes Marylanders bought "both indentured servants and convicts." In "Convict Runaways," he writes of legislation that covered "convicts as well as indentured servants." Ekirch contrasts "transports" and other indentured servants. See "Bound for America," 200. Bernard Bailyn sees such a distinction fading when work was heavy (Bailyn, *Voyagers to the West* [New York: Random House, 1987], 260.) No distinction of this sort is to be found in Ridgely documents.

3. See Capt. Charles Ridgely Journal, 1765–73, f. 359, microfilm reel 13; Ledger B, 1765–69. ff. 77, 85, reel 14, Ridgely Papers, MS 691, Maryland Historical Society (hereafter MdHS). References are to microfilm reels, which are available to researchers, rather than to boxes.

4. See, for examples, Hampton National Historic Site, MS Hamp 16773; Journal 1790–96, f. 16, microfilm reel 4; Ledger C., 1770-75, f. 165, microfilm reel 15; C. Ridgely Journal 1765–73, ff.54, 85, 87, 168, 295, 359, 421, 453, Reel 13; and C. Ridgely Daybook, 1768–72, microfilm reel 13, MS 691, MdHS. See also MS 1127, Box 1, M4448, n.p., MdHS and Morgan, "Organization of the Convict Trade to Maryland." After 1800 there were occasional continental indentures and the indenturing of local apprentices, but the old system was dead. .

5. See Bailyn, *Voyagers,* 260; and Morgan, "Organization of the Convict Trade to Maryland,"

215; MdHS MS 692.1, Ridgely Papers, box 4; Hampton NHS MS 16773; MdHS MS 1127 Box 1, (4448), June 18, 1773; MdHS MS 691, Reel 11, Description of White Servants, *passim*; and see MdHS MS 691 Reel 13, Ridgely Cashbook, 1781–83, endpapers, where at least four ex-convicts are given freedom dues.

6. Bernard Bailyn in *Voyagers*, 260 n. 25, notes correctly that "Transportation was banishment, exile . . . and not in itself a commitment to labor." On the possibility of fourteen-year sentences, see Morgan, "Organization of the Convict Trade to Maryland," 220. Very useful to identifying Maryland servants are the works of Peter Wilson Coldham, *Complete Book of Emigrants in Bondage* (Baltimore: Genealogical Publishers, 1988), *Complete Book of Emigrants 1751–76* (Baltimore: Genealogical Publishers, 1993), and *The King's Passengers to Maryland and Virginia* (Westminster, Md.,: Family Line Publications, 1997). See also Baltimore County (Court) Convict Record 1770–83, Maryland State Archives.

7. See Thomas Herty, *A Digest of the Laws of Maryland . . . to 1792* (Baltimore, 1799), 476; Northampton Journal, 1787–88, March 31, 1788, reel 4; Daybook 1788–89, May 22 and 31, 1788, August 22, 1789, March 31, 1790, reel 8; and Daybook 1789–90, August 22, 1789, reel 9, MS 691, MdHS. See also MS 1898, G. Howard White Papers, M4669, reel 1, Ledger 1787–90, p. 2, Maryland State Archives.

8. Journal 1796–99, July 1796, reel 4, MS 691, MdHS; and Charles Ridgely Account Book, September 1774, MS 21,902, Library of Congress.

9. Cash Book, 1782–83, endpapers, reel 13, MS 691; and Charles Ridgely Letters, M4430, July 27, 1782, MS 692, MdHS.

10. Description of White Workers, reel 11, MS 691, MdHS.

11. Daybook 1788–89, July 15, 1788, reel 8, MS 691, MdHS; and MS 21,902, Library of Congress, *passim*.

12. Ledger, 1775–77, p. 12, reel 15, MS 691, MdHS; *Maryland Gazette*, July 13, 1775, and for other examples, ibid., November 9, 1775 and September 25, 1776.

13. MS 21,902, Library of Congress, *passim*.

14. For an extensive account of expenses, including advertisements, for apprehending Francis Carpenture four times in the early 1770s, see Ledger 1775–77, p. 12, reel 15, MS 691, MdHS. See Herty, *A Digest of the Laws of Maryland*, p. 476; *Maryland Gazette*, September 25, 1766, advertisement by C. Ridgely for two escaped servants: "All Masters of Vessels are forewarn'd harbouring them at their Peril."

15. Nancy Bramucci, ed., "Medical Practitioners in the City of Baltimore, 1752–1919," Maryland State Archives Internet Site; Journal 1775–78, 1777, p. 280, reel 3, MS 691, MdHS; Charles Ridgely Account Book, MS 21,902, Library of Congress.

16. Charles Ridgely Account Book, MS 21,902, Library of Congress; Workers' Clothing, 1772–75, reel 11, MS 691, MdHS; Coldham, *King's Passengers*, 158; and Bramucci, "Medical Practitioners in the City of Baltimore."

17. Journal 1784–85, p. 95, reel 3, MS 691, MdHS.

18. Charles Ridgely Account Book, May and September 1774, MS 21,902, Library of Congress; Journal 1775–78, pp. 11, 57, 368, 377, reel 3, MS 691, MdHS. Patton's "man" may have been a slave and not an indentured servant.

19. See List of Workers 1772–75, and Workers Clothing Book, reel 11, MS 691, MdHS, *passim*.

20. Workers Clothing Book, p. 78f, reel 11, MS 691; Journal 1775–77, p. 414; reel 3, MS 691, MdHS; endpapers, M 4669, Maryland State Archives.

21. On Willis, see Account of Servants, 1774–75, Cheston-Galloway Papers, reel 2, MS 1894, MdHS; Coldham, *Complete Book of Emigrants in Bondage*, 870, 880; Charles Ridgely Cash Book, endpaper, MS 691/13, MdHS; Charles Ridgely Ledger 1780–81, pp. 37, 46, 56 and

Charles Ridgely Ledger, 1778–84, reel 15, MS 691, MdHS; MS 691, Reel 16, Grocery Ledger K, 1785–96, pp. 142, 158, reel 16, MS 691, MdHS; and M4430, MS 692, MdHS.

22. See Florence M. Montgomery, *Textiles in America 1650–1870* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1984), *passim;* Journal 1785–87, p. 17, reel 4, MS 691, MdHS. Ridgely wool was later processed at the city jail.

23. Hampton NPS uncatalogued manuscript, New White Papers, listing 1840; MdHS MS 691, Reel 8, Daybook 1788–89, December 24, 1788, reel 8, and Workers Clothing Book, January 1772, reel 11, MS 691, MdHS.

24. Charles Ridgely Bills and Receipts, January 1775, May 1790, March 1791, n. p., M4431, MS 692, MdHS.

25. Workers' Clothing Book, reel 11, MS 691, MdHS.

26. See MS 1127, M-4447, 1785, MdHS; and MS 692, Box 2, M4429, 30 August 1785, MdHS.

27. Charles Ridgely Account Book, MS 21,902, Library of Congress.

28. Journal 1782–83, May 1784; Journal 1784-85, pp. 161, 1164, reel 3, MS 691; Journal 1785–87, pp. 2, 5, 40, reel 4, MS 691; Ledger, 1775–77, p. 185, and Ledger 1780–81, endpapers, reel 15, MS 691, MdHS; Charles Ridgely Account Book, 1774–80, MS 21,902, Library of Congress.

29. M4431, n.p., MS 692, MdHS; Charles Ridgely Account Book, MS 21,902, Library of Congress, *passim*; Account Book 1763–65, July 1764, reel 13; 1775–77, pp. 86, 144, reel 15; and reel 15, 1780–81, pp. 50, 64, 68, MS 691, MdHS.

30. Journal 1775–77, p. 411, 1778, reel 3, MS 691, MdHS; *Maryland Gazette*, July 13, 1775; Journal 1796–99, February 1799, n.p., reel 4, MS 691, MdHS.

31. William D. Hoyt, Jr., "The White Servants at Northampton, 1772–74," *Maryland Historical Magazine,* 33 (1938): 126–33.

32. See Herty, *A Digest of the Laws of Maryland,* 476f. and Ronald L. Lewis, *Coal, Iron, and Slaves* (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1979), 228–29, on white runaways.

33. Account of Servants, 1774–75, Cheston-Galloway Papers, reel 2, MS 1894, MdHS; Coldham, *Emigrants in Bondage,* 884; Coldham, *Emigrants from England . . . 1773–76,* 265. End papers, Capt. Charles Ridgely's Cash Book, 1781–82, reel 13; and Capt. Chas. Ridgely Ledger, 1780-81, ff. 28, 37, 46, 56, Ledger E, 1778–84, p. 28, October 1781, reel 15, MS 691, MdHS.

34. M4430, MS 692, MdHS. Daybook 1772–73, endpapers, reel 13, MS 691; Ledger 1790, pp. 5, 15, and Ledger 1785–96, pp. 128, 142, 147, 158, reel 16, MS 691 MdHS.

35. Poltis's account is entitled a single time "Martin Poltis alias Potter," Index 3 Inventories, Baltimore County, Box 33, folder 50, Maryland State Archives. List of Servants' Clothing, p. 19, reel 11, MS 691, MdHS; Charles Ridgely Account Book, MS 21,902, Library of Congress, *passim*; Ledger 1775–77, p. 48, reel 15, MS 691, MdHS; MS 1127, M 4455, MdHS; Charles Ridgely Letters 1782–90, June 18, 1786, MS 692, MdHS; Daybook, 1788–89, April 1789, reel 9, MS 691, MdHS; Ledger 1785–96, pp. 146, 162, 167, reel 16, MS 691, MdHS; Ledger 1786–1809, pp. 8, 19, MS 691, MdHS. "Suck" is apparently short for Suckey, diminutive for Susan. Poltis drew shoes several times for a daughter.

Book Reviews

Property and Freedom. By Richard Pipes. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1999. 344 pages. Notes, index. $30.)

Barry Goldwater once said that the freedom he cherished most was freedom of religion; he quickly added, however, that economic freedom is the most important because, without it, all other liberties will perish. This is the essential message of Richard Pipes's *Property and Freedom,* although the book does not dwell on religion. It will come as no surprise that Pipes was a National Security Council staffer in Ronald Reagan's administration. He is currently a professor at Harvard, specializing in Russian history.

Pipes begins with definitions of "property," ancient to modern. His main purpose at this point is to castigate starry-eyed utopian philosophers, not only for believing in the perfectibility of humans—and hence the possibility of a property-less utopia—but also for their willingness to use force to achieve such perfection. The French Enlightenment comes under heavy fire. In the next section, Pipes shows how naive utopians are. Citing studies of birds, animals, children, and "primitive" humans, he demonstrates that acquisitiveness is instinctual and so cannot be eradicated no matter how many people a utopian dictator might kill. He then presents two detailed case histories: England, where private property was respected, and society was therefore civil and political rights flourished; and Russia, where ancient property rights were destroyed by the tsars, leading to a slave society. Finally, Pipes enters into a ferocious denunciation of modern anti-property philosophies: not only fascism, nazism, and communism, but also—indeed, most especially—welfare-regulatory statism as found in present-day America.

There are some pluses in this book. It is clearly written (though seldom sparkling), and its endnotes reflect massive erudition. More important, Pipes has raised a lot of worrisome issues. We should all, conservatives and liberals alike, be alarmed when, for example, a police agency can seize and auction off a car involved in drug dealing without compensation even though the owner might never be charged, let alone convicted. Pipes remarks, dryly, that it is as if the car were the criminal. Fortunately, we still live in a society that affords due process even to suspected drug dealers—but, unfortunately, not to their cars.

Nevertheless, minuses far outweigh the pluses. In the first place, there is the author's strident tone. This is not essentially a history book, nor a book of biology, psychology, sociology, or law, although Pipes dabbles in them all; it is essentially an advocacy tract. In the second place, the author makes too many

sweeping statements. He denies that there ever was such a thing as "primitive communism," but admits that private property in land was unknown to "primitives." Thus, by way of something close to a quibble, he sets up "primitive communism" as a straw man to knock down. And how many historians would agree that late seventeenth-century England "consummated" its Whiggish quest for "democracy" merely by achieving a strong parliament—but a very limited franchise (137)? Moreover, Pipes goes off on tangents when he denounces—in his bitterest language—everything from school busing to affirmative action, not to mention his implicit condemnation of the mere idea that standardized tests (especially for college admission) just might be culturally and psychologically biased against women and minorities.

The most disappointing part of the book, however, comes at the very end. After fulminating at great length against welfare statism and bureaucratic regulation, Pipes—with almost no warning—shrinks back, producing an anti-climax: now his position is that, obviously, the neediest need welfare, and, obviously, private property must be regulated for the health of society as a whole—for example, to protect the environment. His final advice, then, is that welfare and regulation should be allowed only with great reluctance, only when absolutely necessary. Talk about ending with a whimper rather than a bang! And, of course, by this time his book has no more space to tell us, in detail, just how we are to distinguish the truly needy from free-loaders, and valid regulation from unacceptable interference. Yet it is by no means difficult to imagine how Professor Pipes might tilt while answering such question.

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A Speaking Aristocracy: Transforming Public Discourse in Eighteenth-Century Connecticut. By Christopher Grasso. (Omohundro Institute of Early American History and Culture. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1999. 519 pages. Appendices, notes, index. $60.00 cloth; $24.95 paper.)

Christopher Grasso frames his new book as a contribution to the new history of the public sphere: the changing nature and modes of "discourse." His choice of such a framing device, he insists, derives from the ambitions and experiences of his central subjects—the learned men of eighteenth-century Connecticut. Over the course of the century they fought for and against various new ways of preaching, writing, and relating to their audiences. The bulk of the work consists of a series of case studies of particular learned men, placed in the specific contexts of their travails amid religious and political controversies. This biographical approach may frustrate some readers, and it creates some tension between the subject of the title—the wished-for and largely achieved "speaking

aristocracy" of learned, pious men—and that of the subtitle ("public discourse"). That tension is managed by a careful attention to "transformation" in the lives of particular preachers and scholars, and by a precise mapping of their own attempts to transform that discourse, whether through sermons, treatises, poetry, or institution-building.

The fate of ministers and religious language occupies Grasso throughout, but even though the end of the century reveals a proliferation of print and oratory and an embattled "standing order," he refuses a narrative of declension, preferring instead to tell a story of creative engagement. Grasso's ministers are neither heroic evangelists nor a saving remnant of dedicated intellectuals: they are renaissance men facing the problems of ambition and vocation, and they help produce the revolutions that threatened to displace them. The Great Awakening is Grasso's first case in point. A lengthy first chapter provides an overview of covenant theology: Connecticut divines found various ways to reform the notion of covenant between the 1700s and 1780s, especially in light of laws enforcing orthodoxy passed after episodes of religious dissent; but in general the covenant waned by mid-century. One of the responses to the problems of covenant in a controversial setting was put forth by Jonathan Edwards, whose later work, after the "commotions" of the 1730s and 1740s, sought to fix the meanings of the spiritual language he had done so much to revive and spread. Edwards and his followers turn out to have been quintessential Connecticut intellectuals in their obsession with the meanings of discourse and context, an obsession they shared with their opponents because the answers to such questions held the key to the future of the ministry, as well as of people's souls.

Thomas Clap, clergyman and president of Yale, found another answer in the 1750s: a conservative use of new legal discourse to build a wall around the premier institution of elite and clerical training. Grasso's balanced portrait of Clap, with his parallel interpretation of the agriculturalist Jared Eliot, shows us clergymen as public figures, accommodating to changes in the market economy and the political and legal structures of the empire. Their world was already changing by the 1760s, as shown by Yale students, conflation of the anti-Clap and Stamp Act protest, and Eliot's failed attempts to unite English and colonists' interests through higher crop yields. The author's subtle revisiting of the late colonial dilemma is also pursued through a brilliant reinterpretation of Ezra Stiles, the philosophe who flirted with Anglicanism yet eventually found that "[t]he historic events of the Stamp Act crisis . . . rewrote *him* as a Puritan." Stiles's experience thus set the stage for the Standing Order's New England exceptionalism in the early republic. A chapter on poet and lawyer John Trumbull tests the fate of traditional, republican, and liberal conceptions of the public sphere in the Revolutionary era and finds all three still alive and often conflicting, to the distress of Trumbull, who needed them all as he sought fame and

fortune as a lawyer, politician, and author. Another case study revisits Timothy Dwight, who tried to recreate Christian virtue in the wake of the proliferation of political participation. The final chapter considers the remarkable debate about public and private speech and writing in the newspapers of the 1790s amid the rise of partisanship and a new secular aristocracy of Yale men trained, not just in theology, but also in rhetoric and public speaking. Partisan political culture, then, did not so much replace religion as emerge in part from a dialogue about religion as public culture.

Grasso succeeds in dealing with the peculiarities of the "land of steady habits" while addressing the transformations that touched every settled region in eighteenth-century America. He also draws our attention back to what English historians call the "long eighteenth century," insisting that this period must not be squeezed out by static portraits of "colonial" and "nineteenth-century" formations. Seeing substance and creativity before, during, and after the Revolution, his synthesis of intellectual, cultural, and religious history at times relegates politics to an effect, or a secondary cause (as political and social historians, admittedly, often treat religion and thought). But *A Speaking Aristocracy* opens up new possibilities for reinterpretation and synthesis. It satisfies like a good sermon.

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The Southern Colonial Backcountry: Interdisciplinary Perspectives on Frontier Communities. Edited by David Colin Crass, Steven D. Smith, Martha A. Zierden, and Richard D. Brooks. (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1998. 283 pages. Introduction, illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, index. $38.00 cloth.)

While the authors of the essays in *The Southern Colonial Backcountry: Interdisciplinary Perspectives on Frontier Communities* move well beyond Frederick Jackson Turner's eponymous thesis about the origins of American exceptionalism being created on its frontier, they nonetheless still owe him a great deal of intellectual debt. However, that debt has less to do with Turner's thesis of American exceptionalism, and more with his 1894 essay "The Significance of History," in which he argued for an interdisciplinary approach to the study of the frontier and backcountry of North America. As Warren Hofstra asserts in his epilogue to this collection, scholars of the frontier "have arrived at the position Frederick Jackson Turner identified a century ago, finding his arguments for interdisciplinary work largely intact and unexplored. Now his exhortation is seconded by modern scholarship. New work recognizes that an interdisciplinary approach can give a fuller picture of the backcountry" (224). With a view to expand the dialogue between the disciplines studying the southern backcountry in the eigh-

teenth and early nineteenth centuries, the editors of this collection of essays have brought together historians, geographers, and historical archaeologists to explore the development of the southern backcountry. Collectively, these scholars argue that the colonial southern backcountry can best be examined through the lens of interdisciplinary studies, and only through the combined methodologies of history, geography, material culture, and archaeology can the communities of the southern frontier best be seen.

This collection is the result of the 1993 conference "The Southern Colonial Backcountry: Beginning an Interdisciplinary Dialogue," and is an effort to better understand the intersecting interests of scholars through the study of community formation and maintenance in the southern backcountry. Throughout the book, community is defined in the general sense "as a group of people with a common characteristic or interest living within a larger society" (xvi) so as to provide an expansive examination and range of topics, but not too expansive as to be too unwieldy and trite to be intellectually worthless.

The essays are roughly organized into two groups: review essays and case studies. Robert Mitchell and Michael J. Puglisi provide overviews surveying the current state of interdisciplinary studies and how they apply to the study of the southern backcountry. In a superb introductory essay, Mitchell traces the reasons why the various disciplines have failed to look outside themselves in their attempts to understand the development of early America. Mitchell also suggests several potentially productive research projects in which to apply an interdisciplinary framework for geographers, archaeologists, and historians. Puglisi's essay reviews what he considers some of the best examples of recent interdisciplinary work such as David Hackett Fischer's *Albion's Seed, The American Backwoods Frontier* by Terry Jordan and Matti Kaups, and David Hsiung's *Two Worlds in the Tennessee Mountains.* In the epilogue to the collection, "Interdisciplinary Dialogues on the Southern Colonial Backcountry, 1893–1998," Warren R. Hofstra places the case studies in the collection in context with each other as well as their application to the larger field of the backcountry studies.

In the first of nine of case studies, Turk McCleskey analyzes real estate speculation in Augusta County, Virginia, finding three significant trends in the county's survey and freehold accounts. McCleskey's research shows that land speculators dominated the acquisition of land in Augusta County, and that familial and kin relationships were key facets in the shaping of the market for provisional land claims. That land prices actually rose the farther west farmers purchased land in Augusta County is an intriguing find, as it contradicts the traditional notion of land prices declining the farther west colonists went.

Daniel B. Thorp discusses in his essay the role played in the social, economic, and political life in the communities of Rowan County, North Carolina. Thorp finds that ethnicity, gender, and class were all important, fluid elements

of tavern life in the southern backcountry. Kenneth E. Lewis's study of Camden, South Carolina, demonstrates the degree of regional economic change on the frontier in a specific place over time. According to Lewis, Camden's economic importance was due to its accessibility and the availability of capital investment, both of which were essential to the success of frontier towns such as Camden, thus substantiating how the study of a single settlement or region can illustrate the interconnectedness of regional systems. Charles H. Faulkner uses archival and archaeological data to document Knoxville, Tennessee's development as a southern frontier town. David C. Hsiung explores the roads of Washington County, Tennessee, from 1780 to 1800 to examine how isolation and community enable us to better understand Appalachia. Hsiung applies the sociological concepts of Gemeinschaft (community) and Gesellschaft (society) to demonstrate the degree of integration and isolation that Washington County residents experienced with the rest of the region.

Two essays are particularly effective using material culture. Using archaeological and historical data, Monica Beck explores master and slave relations and the cultural exchange between them on the Brattonsville Plantation in South Carolina and reminds us that one generation's refuse can be a future generation's intellectual treasure. Donald W. Linebaugh draws on Pennsylvania-born German folk artist Lewis Miller's antebellum sketches and paintings of the German community in the Valley of Virginia to better comprehend the intermixing of German and English cultural communities in the region.

Two other essays discuss the contentious relations between Indians and whites on the frontier, primarily over land. Edward Cashin's study of the trading town Augusta, Georgia, demonstrates how tenuous relations with Indians could be when colonists desired their lands. Tensions between Indian and white were exacerbated during the two decades before the American Revolution as colonists, especially Virginia "crackers," poured into Georgia's backcountry seeking cheap land, in the process upsetting the delicate balance of peace and trade achieved between Creeks and Georgia's merchants and political leaders. Through a biographical narrative of a Cherokee leader, Judge John Martin, Elizabeth Arnett Fields chronicles the Cherokees' failed attempts to retain their Georgia lands from the Treaty of 1819 to the Trail of Tears. Fields uses Martin, blonde, blue-eyed, and only one-eighth Cherokee, to remind us of the complexity of the conflicts that existed between the two cultures, how these conflicts affected the actions of Cherokee leaders, and how ethnography can aid in understanding these conflicts.

The essays in this collection provide a good example of the advantages of using interdisciplinary studies to expand our understanding of the southern backcountry. However, while the essays suggest productive, broader approaches to backcountry studies, there were some briefly mentioned areas in the various

essays that needed more development. Women are largely absent from the essays. While they are mentioned anecdotally, or briefly as small parts of larger studies, women's role in material culture and cultural exchanges on the frontier are simply neglected. Additionally, some of the articles, especially Edward Cashin's and Daniel B. Thorp's, were underdeveloped. Also, many of the articles dealt with the cultural exchanges between ethnic groups and how they retained and adapted cultural traits, but few discussed how portable culture was across the Atlantic. This potential caviling aside, these essays demonstrate the fecund potential interdisciplinary frameworks of analysis hold for backcountry studies; and when this collection is combined with other recent interdisciplinary works such as James Horn's *Adapting to a New World* and Lorena Walsh's *From Calabar to Carter's Grove: The History of a Virginia Slave Community,* interdisciplinary analyses of the southern frontier promise to offer a host of fresh insights into its many complexities. This is what this collection of essays has most to offer to the academic and general reader: to take up Turner's challenge to rethink the nature of the southern frontier and to apply fresh approaches to the study and understanding of that frontier.

Tim Hanson
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"Rearing Wolves to Our Own Destruction": Slavery in Richmond, Virginia, 1782–1865. By Midori Takagi. (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1999. 197 pages. Notes, bibliography, index. $37.50.)

In this study, Midori Takagi examines the creation of an industrial slave system in Richmond, Virginia, between 1782, when the city was first incorporated, and the end of the Civil War in 1865. Her thesis simply stated is that in Richmond, "for slave owner and employer alike, urban industrial slavery was a resounding success" (2). Takagi's interpretation parts company with the prevailing wisdom on the compatibility of slavery and urbanization. Since the publication of Richard Wade's *Slavery in the Cities: The South, 1820–1860* (New York, 1964), the historical debate on urban slavery has largely focused on the compatibility question. Although the particular reasons for slavery's decline have been contested, most scholars agree that the urban milieu proved hostile to the interests of the slaveowning class. In the North, emancipation followed closely in the wake of the American Revolution; in the South, slavery experienced a profound decline in most cities during the latter years of the antebellum period. A rough consensus has thus emerged, in which one can locate the work of both Claudia Goldin and Barbara Fields, that the economic foundations necessary to build a slave system failed to materialize in America's cities. In the capital of the Confederacy, however, slavery proved resilient, accounting for half the city's industrial workforce and employing almost ten thousand slaves in factory jobs on

the eve of the Civil War. It is enough to convince Takagi, who certifies that, "for all intents and purposes, slavery in Richmond did work" (5).

Tobacco processing, flour milling, and iron production formed the backbone of Richmond's developing economy in 1800–1840. According to Takagi, slave labor proved an indispensable tool in each of these industries, because it afforded the kind of labor flexibility needed by entrepreneurs. Richmonders adapted slavery to the requirements of factory life through four unusual labor practices: "leasing slave labor (also known as hiring out), requiring slaves to secure their own lodgings (living apart), rewarding workers with a portion of the money earned (cash payments), and providing opportunities to earn overtime bonuses" (22). Although not unique to Richmond, these practices helped transform a backcountry entrepôt into a manufacturing leader in the early republic. The use of slaves did not arise from necessity but out of design. Many industrialists preferred slave labor to free labor, including the Richmond Dock Company. In 1819 the company employed thirty-six white laborers, four free blacks, and twenty-five slaves. A year later, the company's workforce consisted of only sixty-four slaves.

In the process of industrialization, slavery in Richmond evolved into an institution bearing little resemblance to its plantation counterpart. African Americans faced opportunities without parallel in rural areas and used them to forge "strong kinship ties, independent churches, segregated neighborhoods, and secret fraternal and financial organizations" (71). Forms of resistance first pioneered on plantations complemented newer urban practices like "loosing time," in which slaves would walk away from a job in the middle of the day. In a city where every third person was a slave, it proved relatively easy for a slave to blend in to the fabric of city life. Ultimately, Richmond's urban industrial slave system allowed slaves to achieve political awareness and expect control over their own lives.

The troublesome aspect of Takagi's study is the degree of success she ascribes to slave resistance in Richmond. Takagi asserts that if there had not been a Civil War, slavery would have withered away in Richmond during the later nineteenth century. The evidence presented in her study does not support this conclusion. Slavery was, after all, a growing institution in Richmond in 1861. Especially when considering the success of Baltimore's African-American community in helping foster the demise of the peculiar institution in Maryland's largest city, the efforts of Richmond's slaves pale in comparison. In two recent studies of the African-American experience in Baltimore from 1790 to 1860, T. Steven Whitman's *The Price of Freedom: Slavery and Manumission in Baltimore and Early National Maryland* (Lexington, Kentucky, 1997), and Christopher Phillips's *Freedom's Port: The African-American Community of Baltimore, 1790–1860* (Urbana, 1997), demonstrate that Baltimore's slaves achieved a nearly com-

plete emancipation by 1860 thanks to strategies of negotiation and compromise with the slaveowning class. In Richmond, the African-American community failed to achieve this fundamental goal.

Despite its faults, Takagi's work is an accessible study of slavery in Richmond that will greatly enrich our understanding of industrial slavery, patterns of slave resistance in urban America, and Richmond during the antebellum years. In the expansive field of slave historiography, Takagi's book will stand out as an important point of interest in documenting the diversity of slave systems in the Americas.

Richard Chew
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Slavery and the Law. Edited by Paul Finkelman. (Madison: Madison House, 1997. 480 pages. Index. $44.95.)

As the title suggests, there is far more to be found by examining slavery and the law than by just considering the law of slavery alone. As Paul Finkelman establishes in his insightful and comprehensive introduction, slavery was a central force in America's legal development in many different fields. While several writers offer a useful comparative aspect by examining the Roman and British legal systems, the majority of the essays in this volume probe the impact of slavery on the law in America between the late seventeenth century and the Civil War.

Slaves were an anomaly in the Anglo-American system of justice. By their status as property, lacking volition and the ability to conform to the standards of oath taking, slaves were outside the common law; yet their observations might be appropriate in a criminal trial. Thomas D. Morris, in an essay based upon an extensive array of southern cases, demonstrates how restrictive rules were bent to allow slaves to testify against other slaves and Indians to protect against insurrection, and how courts accepted slave hearsay testimony if offered by white witnesses. In her study of southern civil litigation, Amelia Gross shows that courts were forced to deal with matters of slave character when considering warranty disputes between disappointed purchasers and sellers. The buyer, claiming that the seller had misrepresented the character or skills of the slave, sought to rescind the contract. In the end, "[t]hese cases mattered in Southern culture precisely because putting black character on trial put white character on trial" (319).

Two of the essays deal in new ways with the question of slaves as property. Judith K. Safer studied the operation of Louisiana's Black Code (1806), which was adopted to create a legal apparatus for the control and discipline of slaves, in cases which came before the state supreme court. Occasionally, cruel slave owners were punished for killing their slaves, but Safer shows that the court was

more concerned with compensating the aggrieved property owner for his economic loss than protecting the slave. Thomas D. Russell examined the neglected field of public auctions in South Carolina and discovered that it was a far more important mechanism for slave sales than previously thought. Economic studies based upon private sales seriously underestimate the volume of slave sales and fail to account for the fact that many slaves were sold at public auction.

Two other essays deal imaginatively with conflicts surrounding the application of federal fugitive slave laws. Paul Finkelman focuses on a decision, *State v. The Sheriff of Burlington,* rendered by Justice Hornblower of the New Jersey Supreme Court in 1836, which, although made under state law, implied that the Fugitive Slave Law of 1793 was unconstitutional. Despite the fact that the decision had been unreported when it was originally issued, it was resurrected by the abolitionist press in 1851 to become part of a more general attack on the constitutionality of Fugitive Slave laws. The voices of African Americans are heard in an essay on the impact of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 in the North by James W. and Lois E. Horton.

The appearance of Hinton Rowan Helper's *The Impending Crisis of the South* in 1857 epitomized the estrangement between North and South. More importantly, as Michael Kent Curtis shows, it also reflected a crisis in free speech, where southern courts severely punished not only those who embraced what they considered to be its abolitionist views but also anyone who merely possessed the book itself, all to the utter disdain of northerners. This episode not only reflected a transition in the understanding of free speech from the doctrine of prior restraint to the protection of speech itself, it also exemplified the fact that states were undermining federally guaranteed rights, which would be corrected by the adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment.

The real value of this collection of essays is that it draws attention to a rich body of sources for the study of American slavery. The endnotes contain a wealth of citations to state cases of all descriptions. In addition, the publication of an unreported Louisiana case, *Humphreys v. Utz* (1856), concerning a claim for compensation for a slave who had been killed by an overseer, highlights the skill of the essayists in bringing life and insight to such records, and illustrates that people like Simon Legree actually existed.

Whitman H. Ridgway
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The Children's Civil War. By James Marten. (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1998. 375 pages. Notes, bibliography, index. $34.95.)

The most amazing thing about James Marten's book on children in the Civil War is that no one thought of it years ago. This important book combines two of

Americans' favorite cultural obsessions: children in danger and the war that threatened the nation. It is one of two current books (the other is Emmy Werner's *Reluctant Witnesses: Children's Voices From the Civil War*) that explore this previously neglected area. Drawing on an impressive array of sources, including letters to children, fiction and textbooks, children's diaries, adults' reminiscences of their Civil War childhoods, and games and toys, Marten explores how children experienced, participated in, and influenced the Civil War. This is a massive task, particularly since Marten refuses to limit his subject. Almost everyone who was under eighteen for any part of the war, regardless of region, race, or gender, falls within the book's sweep.

The first chapter gives an overview of how children learned about and participated in the war. The next four focus more specifically on how writers portrayed the war in literature for children, how fathers and other soldiers wrote to and about children from camp, how children experienced the violence and privations of war, and how children developed political identities in wartime. The final chapter looks beyond the war, considering how war shaped the adult lives of the children who lived through it. While Maryland is not central to this book, Marten draws on manuscript materials from the Maryland Historical Society and includes accounts of how Baltimore children suffered from the city's upheaval.

Because it carves out a huge territory and asks very broad questions, *The Children's Civil War* has the feel of a seminal work. Its bold style makes it both compelling as a narrative and intellectually stimulating. Most impressively, Marten manages to maintain this breadth of argument without sacrificing individual voices. The book is filled with so many anecdotes and personal accounts, sometimes humorous, often tragic, that the reader is never in danger of forgetting the human faces behind Marten's explanations.

To treat such a large topic in 242 pages of text, however, requires some compromises. The book, by necessity, emphasizes continuity and generality over diversity. As a result, it sometimes fails to convey the historical specificity of the Civil War experience. While researching, Marten was struck by "how much like modern Americans these long-dead people seem" (4). The book draws from sociologists of childhood and compares Civil War children's experiences with those of children in later wars. While these comparisons are often evocative, they work so well partly because the book is operating on such a level of generalization. It sometimes moves jarringly close to stating the obvious, as when Marten cites authorities to back his claim that "parents' political attitudes deeply influence the politicization of children" (150). A more consistent and less obtrusive theoretical apparatus would have improved the book.

The more serious concession Marten made to breadth of argument was maintaining a parallel structure in his discussion of different groups of children. For analytical purposes, he divides Civil War children into three groups:

northerners, southern whites, and southern African Americans emancipated during the war. Though noting that he has very different sources for each group, he nevertheless attempts to answer the same set of questions in each case. Chapter Two, for instance, which focuses largely on how adults worked to educate and mobilize children, draws mainly on children's fiction for northerners, schoolbooks for southern whites, and writings aimed primarily at adults but also read by children for southern African-Americans. Marten is a careful scholar and understands that the diversity of the sources limits his ability to make meaningful comparisons among the groups. But the structure is strained, and the synthetic conclusion to the chapter is left to generalize that "Magazines, juvenile books, and texts," by "[a]pplying familiar themes and formulas to exciting and frightening new situations . . . helped explain the war" to children (67). This is certainly true, but lacks analytical teeth.

These are problems inherent to such an ambitious project. Doubtless in the next few years other scholars will produce smaller-scale studies that will fill in the gaps and smooth over the rough edges of Marten's big picture. Marten has established the structure with which these later scholars will have to come to terms. It is at once a real pleasure to read, an impressive work of research and analysis, and a substantial contribution to the social history of the Civil War.

Elaine Frantz Parsons
The Johns Hopkins University

Lessons of War: The Civil War in Children's Magazines. Edited by James Marten. (A Scholarly Resources Inc. Imprint. Wilmington, Delaware: SR Books, 1999. 277 pages. Suggested readings, annotated bibliography, index. $18.95.)

James Marten's *Lessons of War* is a compilation of stories, plays, poetry, and letters from children's periodicals of the Civil War era. Marten divides the material thematically and includes brief but astute commentary. He proposes that studying these "neglected examples of children's literature" can demonstrate how children participated in and made sense of the war (x). By highlighting these documents, Marten reminds us that children were not immune to the disruption and devastation of the Civil War.

Marten argues that nineteenth-century authors wrote about the Civil War in an attempt to politicize children and to inspire them to become virtuous people. Marten examines the authors' strategies and separates them into topical chapters. The chapters include literature on children at play during the war, depictions of loss and sacrifice, and discussions of relationships between soldiers and children. Civil War authors spoke directly to young people about sectional politics, death on the battlefield, and even gender roles. For example, the authors made sure to depict young boys creating military divisions, drilling, and

adopting military names while Civil War girls played "nurse" to injured insects and pets. Marten argues in his epilogue that children read and digested these "patriotic and moral messages" (244). When children wrote about the Civil War, they used the same language and conventions as adult authors.

The most compelling readings in Marten's collection discuss wartime race relations. Authors who talked to northern white children about the plight of blacks adopted more liberal attitudes on race than authors addressing white adults. They told readers about the evil racial double standard and explained that black children were as bright, playful, and patriotic as white children. But similar authors wrote in periodicals for black adults. Marten justifies including this material as "children's literature" because authors adopted a paternalistic and often condescending tone. They spoke as if to children when they explained that the world was round or taught lessons in good hygiene. Marten made a wise decision in including this material. Comparing literature for white children and black adults illustrates the divided mind of northern white authors. Ideally they wanted young children to view all races equally but, in reality, they saw black adults as nothing more than large children.

But Marten's book is not without its flaws. Marten sometimes forces his organization and interpretation on the material. In one chapter, he collects pieces by authors speaking to children as if face-to-face and argues that the authors were creating a "literary community." Marten imposes a twentieth-century concept of "community" that the authors and readers would not have recognized. In addition, the pieces in Marten's collection lack historical context. Marten needed to include discussion of and examples from children's periodicals before the Civil War to show that wartime literature really was more political and provocative than what came before.

Yet Marten's solid collection will enlighten and inspire the serious cultural history scholar and the Civil War buff. The stories and poems offer a refreshing perspective on the forgotten lives of Civil War children. They show how Americans explained racial equity, gender conventions, and sectional politics to young people in the era before "romantic childhood." *Lessons of War* will also appeal to the general reader. In one story, "Small Fighting," an uncle encouraged his nephew, who wanted nothing more than to fight in the war, to put all of his energy into the vilest enemy facing him at the time: algebra. Reading these historical documents reminds us that times have not changed all that much.

Jalynn Olsen
University of Delaware

Taking Off the White Gloves: Southern Women and Women Historians. Edited by Michele Gillespie and Catherine Clinton. (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1998. 196 pages. Index. $27.50.)

This book is the thirty-year Festschrift of the Southern Association for Women Historians. The title "Taking Off the White Gloves" implies "getting down to the 'unfinished business' of southern women's history" (1). But also in the past when women of the South have taken off the white gloves they have sent a message that they would be less genteel, even crude. Despite the façade of manners and drawl, Southern women have been exceptionally rough, capable of being as much a part of a racist lynch mob as their male counterparts. Of course in this Festschrift we see Southern women only as creative and resilient individuals whose experiences within the Southern past have been distinctive. We also see in this book a new kind of mythmaking about the role of Southern women in history.

In an undocumented essay entitled "Sassing Fate: Women Workers in the Twentieth-Century South," Mary Frederickson asserts that the "same economy and society that produced the regional 'lady' has always depended more heavily on women's labor than any other part of the country" (15). Well now, were immigrant women in American Northern industrial cities less important to their regional economies? Were Asian-American and Hispanic women less central to the economies of the Western states? Are we to believe that the Southern woman in past time is some kind of superwoman, better than her counterparts elsewhere? In a concluding thought Mary Frederickson asserts that "women's labor activism has profoundly affected the course of southern industrialization" (27). But is that any different or more meaningful than the activism of New York women in the garment trade or the sweatshops of San Francisco and Pittsburgh?

Similarly, it is hard even for determined historians like Susan Lebsock to contradict the assertion that Southern white women in the suffrage movement were white supremacists. But Lebsock informs us that while the suffragists espoused the racist doctrines of the day, "they never stooped to making mean remarks about black people, either publicly or to one another" (37). These women were good, well-meaning white supremacists. In another essay, Catherine Clinton advises us that the sectional conflict and the Civil War were deeply rooted in misogyny. One gathers that only men cultivated hatred, particularly of a sexual sort, in the South.

Until we know more about the history of American communities, especially Southern communities, it will be difficult to know for certain the exact role that women played in the South. The work of Jean B. Lee on Chesapeake women and that of Anne Firor Scott is especially instructive as their research shows women to be surprising actors in multiple roles. Thus the real unfinished business of Southern women's history is research. And the key to this research is offered by Darlene Clark Hine in this otherwise flimsy showboat. Suggesting a "frame" of reference for the study of black women, Hine asserts that "attention to a specific type of intellectual work, namely the autobiographical writings of Black women both outside and within the academy" is required (159). Paying attention

to the texts is the essence of good scholarship; it works for all histories of all women. In the future, let's just have the facts, ma'am.

JOHN R. WENNERSTEN
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Domesticating History: The Political Origins of America's House Museums. By Patricia West. (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1999. 254 pages. Notes, index. $40.00 cloth; $17.95 paper.)

Historic house museums have existed in America for only a century and a half, so it is not surprising that the analysis of their emergence and growth is a relatively new field of historical investigation. Patricia West, curator of the Martin Van Buren National Historic Site in Kinderhook, New York, has expanded her dissertation into a new book on house museum origins. Her premise is that the political issues of a historical period define the portrayal of house museums which may obscure their actual histories.

To prove her thesis she studies four properties: George Washington's Mount Vernon; Orchard House Museum, the home of Louisa May Alcott in Concord, Massachusetts; Thomas Jefferson's Monticello; and the recreated slave cabin birthplace of Booker T. Washington. These sites neatly chronicle the first hundred years of the house preservation movement.

The first major house museum, Mount Vernon, is the logical beginning, and West tells the oft-told tale of the invalid southern spinster, Ann Pamela Cunningham, rallying the women of the United States to preserve the home of the first president. West probes the legend to present the process as highly complex political maneuvering. Cunningham walked a thin political line, focusing on women's ability to transcend the geographic sectionalism of the 1850s and censoring Mount Vernon's economic base of slavery. The Mount Vernon Ladies Association's hard-won success spawned many more women-led preservation organizations.

Orchard House was one of them. The women of Concord, although divided on the issue of women's suffrage, were united in their concern that the increasing immigrant population posed a threat to the existing culture. The preservation of Orchard House involved creating a myth that the household was the same as Louisa May Alcott portrayed in the immensely popular *Little Women*, not the reality of a dreamy transcendentalist supported by a suffragist, Progressive, writer-daughter. Early interpretation of the house ignores the reality of the Alcotts and romanticizes both the book and the "American" values of a New England nuclear family.

After World War I, men began to involve themselves in historic house museums, notably in the case of Monticello. Although it was a woman who proposed

that the site be taken by eminent domain (an extension of federal power which Jefferson no doubt would have blocked), the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation was formed in 1923 by male lawyers and businessmen. They hired Fiske Kimball, a Harvard-trained architect and professor of art, to lead the restoration planning, and he set professional goals, different from those of the volunteer women. Monticello marked the beginning of male domination in the field of historic house management and also presaged the way for active federal government participation.

In 1956, Congress took over the Booker T. Washington National Monument in Virginia even though it failed to meet the National Park Service standard for site integrity. In this case, the federal government assumed a political role in a time of burgeoning civil rights strife, preserving the recreated home of a black man whose philosophy was one of compromise.

West's structure is straightforward. The introduction states what she sets out to do; each of the four chapters analyzes, often in laborious detail, one of the houses and its role in the preservation movement; her conclusion restates the premise. The eighty pages of detailed notes prove the thoroughness of her research into historical, but not necessarily museum, sources.

It is unfortunate that her history stops in the 1950s because her implication is that little has happened since then to rectify site interpretation; in fact her final paragraph exhorts historic house professionals to revise site interpretation based on new scholarship. She ignores three defining trends of the 1960s and 1970s: the establishment of professional graduate schools to train historic house administrators; the publication of seminal works on site interpretation by Graham Hood and William Seale; and the work of national organizations such as the American Association for State and Local History.

Although the book is an interesting addition to the historic house field, its overall importance is limited. The author proves her point about the four particular properties, but many house museums do not fit the pattern. West should apply her considerable talents to more significant and useful research.

Lili R. Ott
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Books in Brief

Mark M. Smith's *Debating Slavery: Economy and Society in the Antebellum American South,* has recently joined the New Studies in Economic and Social History series, commissioned by the Economic History Society.

Cambridge University Press, $11.95 paper

Author of numerous other works on the Confederate navy, R. Thomas Campbell has just published *The CSS H.L. Hunley: Confederate Submarine.* This generously illustrated chronicle of the world's first successful submarine tells the story of the ill-fated vessel and the Southern volunteers who operated it.

Burd Street Press, $14.95 paper

The Bringing of Wonder: Trade and the Indians of the Southeast, 1700–1783, by Michael P. Morris, is part of the Contributions in Comparative Colonial Studies series. The book is an anthropolical and sociological study examining trade relations between European traders and natives of the backcountry and explores ways in which traders sought out natives as traders, translators, and companions. The network of native women, fur traders, and colonial diplomats is described as "an invisible social, political, and economic web throughout the backcountry."

Greenwood Press, $55.00 cloth

Richard R. Duncan's newly released *Lee's Endangered Left: The Civil War in Western Virginia, Spring of 1864* emphasizes the high price civilians paid for the military campaigns. The book will appeal to Civil War historians and enthusiasts; it includes a bibliography and index.

Louisiana State University Press, $29.95 cloth

Wish You Were Here!: A Guide to Baltimore City for Natives and Newcomers has been compiled by Carolyn Males, Carol Barbier Rolnick, and Pam Makowski Goresh. Drawing together the insights and observations of such authorities as Romaine Somerville, Dean Krimmel, Jimmy Rouse, and Rafael Alvarez, the guidebook is a spirited and welcoming introduction to the city.

Organized by geographic area, the book begins with the Inner Harbor, moves on to downtown areas, and ends with the neighborhoods and uptown. The final sections list area tours, performing arts, and sports and recreation.

The book covers the downtown business district, Mt. Vernon, Bolton Hill, and University Center. Much of the book is devoted to the city's neighborhoods, including Camden Yards, Roland Park and Guilford, Mount Washington, and the

Village of Cross Keys, as well as downtown locations such as Little Italy and Fells Point. The guide also lists restaurants and shops and includes a chapter on entertainment. The book closes with sections entitled "Just the Facts," suggested readings, and an Index.

Woodholme House Publishers, $19.95 paper

D.B.S.

Letters to the Editor

Editor:

The thesis stated in Karina Paape's article in the spring issue is that the probate records of a group of residents of Providence who died in the 1670s were manipulated. Of the many faults of the article the most important is that, though Ms. Paape asserts and re-asserts her thesis, she hardly even tries to substantiate it.

Only the section "Archival Perception vs. Artifactual Reality"—based on the dubious assumption that a man's net worth can be inferred from the furnishings of his house—is about manipulation. It concludes that Robert Burle, who may have lived in a house in whose remains fragments of many fine things have been found, must have been richer than the records of his estate indicate and, therefore, those records must have been manipulated. That is the extent of the case. The remaining eighty per cent of the article—under the headings "Providence," "Limitations of Probate Records," "Prescient Testators," "Orphans and Widows," "Family Feuds," and "Rejecting Executorship"—is unrelated to manipulation.

Compared to the overall failure, particular errors I noticed are trivial but seem to result from the same carelessness. First, the references in three notes—31, 32, and 29—are wrong. Second, in quoting from his will in note 29 to show that Burle asked that some property be excluded from the inventory, she suppresses the passage bequeathing the property to his son Stephen. Third, she is right in saying that the two appraisals of James Warner's estate are too low but wrong on the amounts. And had she read them more carefully, she might have noticed that the error in the first is the result of the third subtotal being taken—by a manipulator in the Prerogative Court Office, I guess—as the grand total. Fourth, on page 66 Ms. Paape uses, without quotation marks, a passage from Lorena Walsh and by omitting three words makes it incoherent. Fifth, the will of John Homewood, one of Ms. Paape's group of thirty who died in the 1670s, was executed in 1681 and proved in 1682.

This article is a disgrace to the Magazine.

Carson Gibb

Annapolis

Editor:

Contrary to Dr. Gibb's claim that this piece suffered from content and structural "failures," I feel that I fully substantiated my argument regarding the manipulation of Providence probate records during the 1670s. Rather than repeat that argument here, I would request that Dr. Gibb re-read my article when he is feeling more open-minded to new historical arguments. Although I think the piece

was structured in such a way as to make it both logical and simple to follow, on a certain level it was complex and may require a more sophisticated reading in order to appreciate its force.

As to the cite checking Dr. Gibb seems to have spent some time on, I offer the following:

1. Note 29: the correct cite for Robert Burle's will is: *Prerogative Court* (Wills) 5, f. 150–154. The cite I listed in this note was for a document which states Burle's date of death.

2. After much thought on the matter, I am having trouble grasping the relevance of Dr. Gibb's claim that I suppressed a passage of Robert Burle's will in which he bequeathed specific personal property to his son Stephen. The point of this paragraph was that Burle requested that that and other personal property be excluded from his inventory. This was a unique request, yet one which was granted.

3. Though I do not understand what Dr. Gibb attempts to assert by asking this question, I can assure the Magazine and its readers that the amounts which I stated for James Warner's two inventories continue to be as stated according to my calculator.

4. It was my judgment that the subject sentence would have been indeed rendered "incoherent" had I used quotation marks to signal out the eight words in this sentence that constituted a "direct quote" from Walsh's article. I felt then, and maintain now, that the sentence—which simply summarized a technique employed by lifestyle historians—was more paraphrase than verbatim repeat of Walsh.

5. John Homewood was not counted among my 1670s cohort of 30, rather his brother Thomas was. Thomas died in 1678 or 1679 and no will was recorded that I found, only an inventory.

In closing I would like to say I found much of Dr. Gibb's criticism quite petty and unfounded. The fact remains that the substance of the documents, which were the basis of my argument, remain unaltered by the passage of 330 years and my recent examination of them.

. . .

Karina Paape
Annapolis

Editor:

In the interest of maintaining the accuracy of the *Maryland Historical Magazine,* I wish to point out that the owner of the Marco Polo Shop on West Saratoga Street was EMMET White, not Ernest, as given by Michael McCarthy in his story on Henry Barnes in the summer, 1999, issue. It should also be noted that while the author mentions routes 1 and 40 this would indicate that they are Maryland routes. In actual fact they are U.S. routes, and, as such, should be so designated.

Geoffrey W. Fielding
Towson

Notices

Essay Contest Winners

The Press at the Maryland Historical Society is pleased to announce the winners of the annual MHS Undergraduate Essay Contest. Andrew Krug of the University of Chicago and Robert M. Palumbos of Johns Hopkins University will split the prize of $500. Mr. Krug's essay is entitled "Urban Experience During the American Revolution: Frederick Town, Maryland, 1775–1783"; the title of Mr. Palumbos's essay is "Student Involvement in the Baltimore Civil Rights Movement, 1953–1963."

Christmas in St. Michael's

The holiday festivities will include a tour of homes, a parade, an African-American history exhibit, and family and children's activities. The events will take place on Saturday, December 11, and Sunday, December 12, 1999. House tour tickets are $15.00 in advance; $20.00 at the festival. For further information, call 1-888-465-5428.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum Lectures

"Steamboat Excursions on the Chesapeake Bay, 1850–1950."

In 1813, the little steamboat *Chesapeake* made the first run from Baltimore to Annapolis and ushered in the era of steamboating on the bay. Join Dr. Anne Verplanck of the Maryland Historical Society as she explores the dynamic history of Chesapeake steamboat travel. Wednesday, October 27, 10:30 A.M. Admission $5 (CBMM members $3).

"City on the Sand—Ocean City, Maryland"

While Eastern Shore bay side resorts have faded into the past, seacoast destinations have flourished with the rise of the automobile. Mary Corddry, former Eastern Shore correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun* and author of *City on the Sand: Ocean City, Maryland, and the People Who Built It,* will examine the phenomenal rise of Ocean City from desolate barrier island to busy resort. Wednesday, November 3, 10:30 A.M. Admission $5 (CBMM members $3).

Sugarloaf Crafts Festival

On November 18–21, the Montgomery County Fairgrounds will host Sugarloaf's Gaithersburg Crafts Festival. Over 550 craft designers and artists will be present. Demonstrations and entertainment will also be presented. The admis-

sion fee is $12.00; children under 12 are free. Hours are 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. on Thursday and Sunday, and 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. on Friday and Saturday. For information, call 1-880-210-9900.

Talbot County's Third Annual Heritage Weekend Antique Show and Sale

The weekend's antique show and sale is hosted by the Historical Society of Talbot County, Maryland, and takes place in Easton on October 1, 2, and 3, 1999. Highlights of the weekend include a preview party and reception on Friday, sale and appraisal of antiques on Saturday, and a brunch, lecture, and tour on Sunday. The fee for admission to the Heritage Weekend is $6.00; children 12 and under are free. For additional information, call 410-822-0773.

Author's Query

For a book on the Civil War in Maryland, I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has letters, diaries, and other primary sources written by Marylanders between 1860 and 1865. Please address replies to: Charles W. Mitchell, 8308 Tally Ho Road, Lutherville, MD 21903.

D. B. S.

Maryland Picture Puzzle

This photograph of a road crew working in central Maryland is dated 1920. Can you identify the county, town, and street? The summer picture is the burned district of downtown Salisbury following the great fire of 1886. The unknown photographer stood either on the Camden Bridge or on the deck of a steamboat. The ruins in the foreground are the Humphrey Wicomico Mill. John McGrain, James T. Wollon Jr., Gary L. Pyles, and William Hollifield correctly identified the place, date, and event.

P.D.A.

Maryland Historical Magazine

Contributors' Guidelines

The editors welcome contributions that broaden knowledge and deepen understanding of Maryland history. The *MdHM* enjoys one of the largest readerships of any state historical magazine in the nation; over the years it has developed strong ties to the scholarly community. Despite the distance usually separating local and academic history, the magazine strives to bring together the "professional" and "popular"—to engage a broad audience while publishing the latest serious research on Maryland and the region.

We especially invite submissions that raise good questions, build on newly discovered or reexamined evidence, and make one's findings interesting and readable. We invite amateur historians to consider and make clear the significance of their work and remind scholars that they address not specialists alone but a wide, literate public.

MANUSCRIPTS. Please submit a dark, clear, typed or computer-printed manuscript, double-spaced on high quality, standard-sized (8 °" x 11") white paper, leaving ample margins on all sides. Authors are invited to send floppy disks with printed copy. Please do not send faxed copies (particularly of book reviews). A stamped, self-addressed envelope will ensure the return of your submission. Because articles normally go to an outside referee for a blind evaluation, we ask that they arrive in duplicate, with the author's name on separate title pages.

Follow *The Chicago Manual of Style* (14th edition, 1993). For questions about spelling and hyphenation, consult *Miriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* (tenth edition, 1997).

QUOTATIONS. Quoted passages lend immediacy and poignancy to a manuscript and allow historical figures to use their own language. Lengthy quotes (best avoided where possible) should also be double-spaced, indented five spaces from the left margin. Ellipses or dots indicate omitted material within quotation marks—three within a sentence, four when the omission includes a period. Authors must double-check the accuracy of all quotations and obtain permission to quote from manuscripts and unpublished materials.

TRANSCRIPTIONS. Transcribing handwritten sources (letters, diaries, etc.) presents special problems. On the "expanded method," a set of guidelines that follow the text closely while making a few concessions to readability and good sense, see Oscar Handlin, et al., *The Harvard Guide to American History*, pp. 95–99, or William T. Hutchinson and William M. E. Rachal, eds., *The Papers of James Madison*, 1:xxxvi–vii.

TABLES, GRAPHS, CHARTS. Explanatory graphics should be numbered in Arabic numerals with any notes pertaining to it below (mark footnotes to tables with raised letters rather than numbers). Each must bear its own explanatory title and within it authors must double-check all arithmetic. References in the text should appear in parentheses within punctuation, e.g., (see Table 1).

ILLUSTRATIONS. We invite authors to suggest prints, photos, maps, etc. that illustrate their material and to provide copies when possible. With submissions one need only send photocopies of possible illustrations. Send captions and credits (or sources) for each illustration. Hand-drawn maps and free-hand lettering generally do not suffice.

ENDNOTES. Cardinal rules are clarity, consistency, and brevity. One should avoid gratuitous footnoting and if possible while remaining clear, *group citations by paragraph.* Indicate notes with a raised numeral in the text, outside of punctuation and quotation marks. Follow month-day-year format in notes (as well as text).

First citations must be complete. For later cites of books and journals, use sensible author-title short references (not the outdated and often-confusing op. cit.). Involved citations of archival materials may be abbreviated after the first, full reference to the collection. Underline published titles only.

Use Arabic numerals throughout, even for journal volume numbers. Where pagination within a journal runs consecutively by volume, one need not cite specific issues.

Where a note cites a single source immediately preceding it, use ibid. (we no longer underline this Latin abbreviation; because it means "in the same place," refrain from "in ibid.").

In newspaper titles, italicize place name, as in *Baltimore Sun* (see below). Page references generally are unnecessary in newspaper citations.

Cite manuscript collections as fully as librarians at each repository request. Citations of Maryland Historical Society holdings must include collection and box numbers; abbreviate MdHS.

Check the *Chicago Manual* for standard, clear citations of official publications and records.

PROOFS. Authors take primary responsibility for the logic, tightness, and accuracy of their work, but preparing a manuscript for publication is usually a collaborative effort between editors and contributors. Every submission requires a close reading that may entail some revisions in style and content. Final drafts must undergo copyediting. Before a piece goes to the press, the editor will send authors page proofs for final examination and proofreading. A Publishing Agreement will accompany the page proofs for the author's signature.

William and Henry Walters, the Reticent Collectors

by William R. Johnston

The story of how William Walters and his son Henry created one of the finest privately assembled museums in the United States has never been told. William Johnston, curator of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century art at the Walters Art Gallery, restores the Walters to their rightful place among America's great art collectors. Henry Walters intended from the very first that the collection form a museum to serve the public. When the museum first opened in 1934, many visitors were surprised by the collection's size and by its comprehensive representation of the history of art from the third millennium B.C. to the early twentieth century.

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New from the Maryland Historical Society!

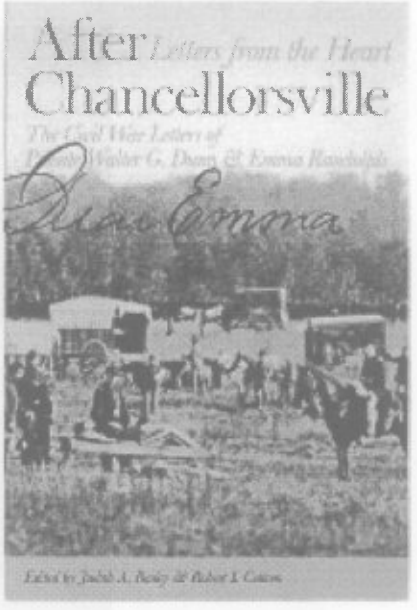
After Chancellorsville

Letters from the Heart

The Civil War Letters of Pvt. Walter G. Dunn and Emma Randolph

Edited by Judith A. Bailey & Robert I. Cottom

"I would . . . be the best nurse you ever had, I'll bet you. I would laugh and sing and read to you and if we both felt like it I could cry too, and not half try."



So wrote Emma Randolph, a young woman not yet twenty, to her distant cousin, private Walter G. Dunn of the 11th New Jersey Infantry, after he was carried from the smoke and carnage of Chancellorsville to a hospital in Baltimore. There, barely recovered, bloodied and dazed with ether, he aided overworked surgeons when the Gettysburg wounded poured into the city, and regularly took up his pen to relay everyday events that became history.

She replied in kind. At home, men were torn by guilt, women lost in grief, and a presidential election loomed. But there were also church picnics, strawberry festivals, ice cream socials, and trips to the ocean. In time they realized their love for one another and planned a life together after the war ended.

This was the American Civil War for many who lived it — overwhelming, and ultimately tragic — viewed through the eyes of a courageous youth and an unforgettable young woman.

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Letters to the Editor are welcome. Letters should be as brief as possible. Address Editor's Mail, *Maryland Historical Magazine,* 201 West Monument Street, Baltimore, Maryland, 21201. Include name, address, and daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for clarity and space.

The *Maryland Historical Magazine* welcomes submissions from authors. All articles will be acknowledged, but only those accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope will be returned. Submissions should be printed or typed manuscript. Once accepted, articles should be on 3.5-inch disks. Guidelines for contributors are available on our Web site at http:\\www.mdhs.org.

In this issue . . .

MARYLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY 1844

The Journal of the Maryland Historical Society